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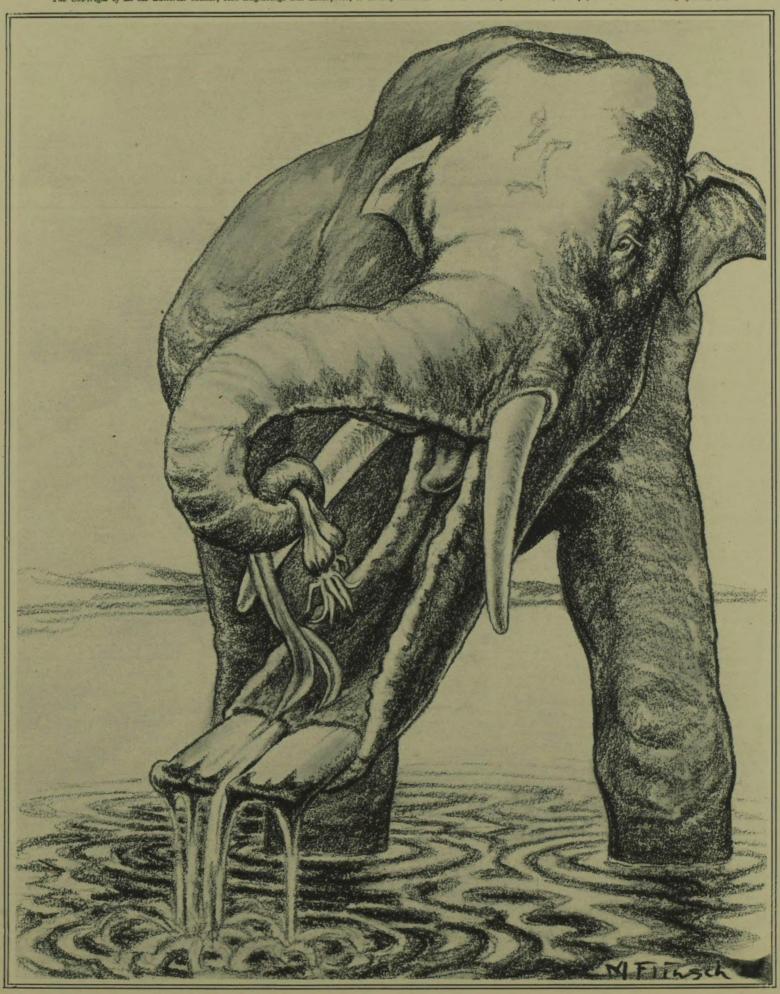
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1929.

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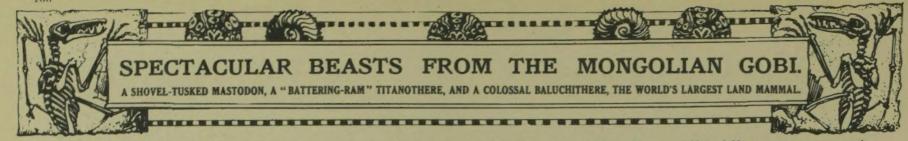


THE NEW SHOVEL. TUSKED MASTODON: A BEAST WITH A "COAL. SCOOP" JAW.

This drawing illustrates one of three spectacular discoveries (skulls of new and extraordinary prehistoric monsters) made during the latest American Expedition in Mongolia, and described by its leader, Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, in an article on page 166 of this number. The jaw resembles an enormous coal-scoop. Mr. Andrews says: "The cutting edge was reinforced with two flat teeth plates, 14 inches wide. Behind

the concave scoop the jaw narrows abruptly to form the handle of the 'shovel,' and then divides into the two rami which contain the huge motar teeth. Complete, it is over 6 feet long. The simplest explanation of this remarkable organ probably is the best. The mastodon used it to shovel up the succulent vegetation of the lake shores on which it lived, tucking the plants back into its mouth by its trunk and tongue."

ECONSTRUCTION DRAWING SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY MARGARET FLINSCH, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PROFESSOR HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN,



By ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, Sc.D., Leader and Zoologist of the Central Asiattc Expeditions of the American Museum of Natural History, in co-operation with ASIA Magazine. (See Reconstruction Drawings by Miss Margaret Flinsch on the front page and pages 168 and 169.

THE world's most gigantic land mammal (a colossal Baluchithere), an extraordinary shovel-tusked Mastodon, and a Titanothere ("titanic beast") having a massive battering-ram nose projecting two feet into the air—these are the most spectacular fossil exhibits yielded by the Gobi Desert of Mongolia in 1928. We have hundreds of other specimens, most of them new, and probably not less important scientifically, but they are dwarfed by the three strange creatures I have mentioned above.

To begin with, take the "Mongolian Colossus."

To begin with, take the "Mongolian Colossus." We first found his bones in the coarse, golden-yellow sands of an Oligocene, or possibly Miocene, deposit. Geologists and physicists now estimate the age of these strata at thirty-five million years. The discovery of this great "badland" basin was made by Walter Granger, chief palæontologist. It came just when we needed encouragement. A bullet wound in my leg had held the expedition for weeks in an unproductive spot; day by day we were battered by terrific storms until our nerves were raw; then came more weeks of fighting sand as we desperately tried

to push westward to Chinese Turkestan. Into a land of utter desolation we went. Our camels were dying of thirst and starvation, our men well-nigh exhausted, and the country yielded—nothing. The expedition so far had been a dismal failure. The westward trail for us ended in mountains of yellow sand through which no wheeled vehicle could pass.

With five men and two cars I had pushed eastward into an unknown area on a reconnaissance. While we were gone Walter Granger had travelled north from Hospital Camp. At noon one day he came to the edge of a vast "badland" basin. When we returned from the eastern exploration, very tired and very, very dirty, Granger led me to a great, projecting buttress. "There," he said,

pointing to the topmost layer of golden sands, "is where we find the bones of the new Colossus. We do it with field-glasses. It is a new kind of fossilhunting. We walk along the ridges and look across the ravines. See that white spot over there? That is a cervical vertebra I discovered to-day from this very spot. That greywhite stuff, under the red,

swarms with Titanotheres. They'll jump out and bite you in the leg if you are not careful," he laughed. "Every one of the boys is working on a skull, and they are all good. Thomson found an extraordinary rhinoceros there—a little fellow. I've never seen anything like it."

In the morning I tried the new method of field-glass prospecting. It was fascinating. Walking out on the narrow ridges between the ravines I could look across forty or fifty yards to the other side. In the bottom of the first chasm I saw the white fragments of a huge bone. Ten minutes' walk brought me to the spot. In the slope, projecting only a few inches, was a great metatarsal, nearly 2 ft. long, and as thick as my arm. From this point I could look to the opposite side of the ravine. Just above the barren red layer a spot of white appeared. It proved to be the broken jaw and teeth of an Entelodon, a giant pig.

Two more ravines yielded nothing, but the third produced half a pelvis of our new monster. And what a pelvis it was! Larger than a bass drum! I left it, for it was badly broken. An hour later a great cervical vertebra, beautifully preserved, showed

on the side of the yellow cliff-face, where it hung precariously balanced on a rotting ledge. A few more gales would have cut away its crumbling foundation and sent it crashing to the bottom of the canyon two hundred feet below. With difficulty I hobbled over on my wounded leg, and dragged the huge bone back to a place of safety. It probably weighed fifty pounds. This was only one cervical vertebra, please remember, and there are seven of them in the neck. With the mass of muscle and tendons, think what the neck alone, without the head, would weigh! We supposed that these bones represented the Baluchitherium, the giant "beast of Baluchistan," first discovered and named by my friend C. Forster Cooper, of Cambridge, in Baluchistan, India.

The next great find was made by Shackleford. Shackleford is the photographer of the Expedition, but photographing is merely one of his many activities. Fossil-hunting becomes an important part, for he has a *flair* for finding unexpected and valuable things. He seems able in some uncanny way to smell

the pelvis; on the other side, 25 feet away, a fore-limb was exposed. The animal is lying on its right side, and probably its entire skeleton is concealed within the ridge. But the matrix is very difficult. The skeleton is enclosed in tough, rubber-like clay, and the bone surface is very soft. To remove it we must have a barrel of shellac and unlimited time. There was nothing to do but re-cover it carefully and leave it for another year.

[At this point Mr. Andrews gives the giant Baluchithere's dimensions and then describes the new "battering-ram" Titanothere subsequently discovered. These passages will be found under the respective illustrations on pages 168 and 169.]

illustrations on pages 168 and 169.]

Near the end of the season, when we had penetrated well into the unexplored part of eastern Mongolia, the Expedition camped on the very edge of an escarpment overlooking a vast desert basin. The tents were pitched on Pliocene strata estimated to be about six million years old. Enormous quantities of embedded, fresh-water shells indicated that in Pliocene times a great inland lake, or sea, had occu-

pied this region. In the shell layer we found the skull and jaw of a baby mastodon, a complete rhinoceros skeleton, and a dozen other specimens. The mastodon interested us greatly, as it represented a long-headed type unknown to Granger. But we were most puzzled by some wide, flat plates which Captain Hill brought in. They were less than an inch thick, nine inches wide, and about ten inches long. Obviously they were teeth, but to what beast they belonged, we could not imagine.

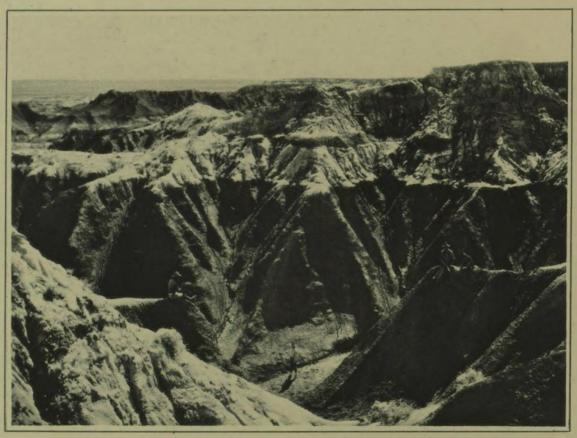
The solution did not come until two weeks later, when we had moved camp to another exposure of the same formation. Walking back in the gathering dusk Granger started to climb up the steep bluff-face to where the tents were pitched. Two feet under the escarpment's rim he stepped on a fossil bone. Projecting from the coarse sand was the tip of one of our wide, flat tooth-plates. In great excitement he brushed away the cover-ing sediment. The plate, with another, was firmly embedded in bone.

Granger hurried back to find me. We excavated enough to see that it was an enormous mastodon's

jaw. Next morning we found that, although broken, much of the jaw was there. An extraordinary thing it was. The anterior portion exactly resembles an enormous coal-scoop. (For further details, see note under the drawing on our front page.)

Were it not for a somewhat similar type discovered in Nebraska two years ago by Professor Barbour and named "Amebelodon," our beast would be an absolute enigma. But it is much larger, and the scoop much more widely expanded than in Barbour's specimen. Thus it is quite evident that the conditions of life in Mongolia during the Pliocene were more favourable for development of this type than in Nebraska.

As I have remarked, these three mammals are the most spectacular of our 1928 collections, but there are several hundred other specimens of much scientific importance. Moreover, the geologist of the Expedition discovered several new horizons which help to complete the geological column of Mongolia, and the topographer mapped three thousand miles of virtually unexplored country. Altogether, we feel that the season's work has been quite as successful as any of our previous expeditions.



THE SCENE OF GREAT PALÆONTOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES: A VIEW SHOWING THE DEPTH OF THE STRATA ABOVE THE RED BEDS AT URTYN OBO, ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE EXPEDITION'S CAMP, AND THE TOP LAYER IN WHICH WERE FOUND THE BONES OF THE "MONGOLIAN COLOSSUS." (SEE PAGE 168.)

Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews describes the scene as "a vast 'badland' basin; gigantic chasms, yellow, red, and white; a wild chaos of ravines and canyons slashed into strange shapes by the knives of wind and frost and rain; a paradise for the palæontologist."

Photograph by Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

them out even if they have been dead for thirty-five million years. He discovered a great ball of bone projecting from the side of a steep ravine. Excavation proved it to be the end of a humerus. Two radii, several ribs, half a jaw with teeth intact, and a metatarsal lay just behind it. Evidently a swift river had flowed here in the far, dim past. The giant had fallen and died in the river. Some of the lighter bones had been carried away by the rushing torrent, but the heavier shafts had been able to withstand the current and were buried in the sand. Those were what we found.

It seemed that we should have been prepared for the enormous size of the beast by that time, but those huge bones gave us all a shock. Roughly put together, with proper allowance for the scapula and flesh, the fore-limb would be 16 feet high and much larger than a man's body. Like the pillar of a temple it was.

Later, Shackleford found another broken skull, and then crowned his achievements with the discovery of a skeleton. Two small diverging ravines left a low ridge between them. In one side of the ridge lay the hind-limbs of our giant attached to

NEW TYPES OF PREHISTORIC MONSTERS: STRANGE SKULLS FROM MONGOLIA.



TAKING OUT PART OF A SKULL OF THE "MONSTER": ALBERT THOMSON REMOVING THE FIRST SKULL OF THE "MONGOLIAN COLOSSUS" (A NEW TYPE OF BALUCHITHERE) FOUND BY CAPTAIN HILL.



A CLOSE VIEW OF THE FIRST SKULL OF A NEW KIND OF BALUCHITHERE (SHOWN IN A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING ON PAGE 168) FOUND IN MONGOLIA: MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION "PASTING" THE BONES BEFORE REMOVAL.



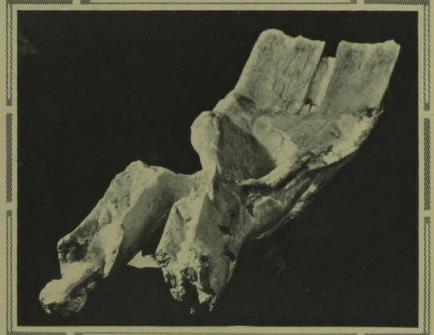
THE "BATTERING-RAM" TITANOTHERE: A BACK VIEW OF AN EXTRAORDINARY SKULL RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN MONGOLIA.



THE "BATTERING-RAM" TITANOTHERE (EMBOLOTHERIUM ANDREWSI):
A FRONT VIEW SHOWING THE CURIOUS STRUCTURE OF THE HORN.



THE SHOVEL-TUSKED MASTODON ($AMEBELODON\ GRANGERI$): A FRONT VIEW OF THE JAW (FOR COMPARISON WITH THE RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING ON OUR FRONT PAGE).



THE SHOVEL-TUSKED MASTODON: THE LOWER JAW, SHOWING THE ALVEO-LUS FOR MOLAR TEETH, AND THE "SCOOP-SHOVEL" WITH THE FLAT TEETH BEYOND.

The above photographs illustrate what Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews describes (in his article opposite) as "the most spectacular fossil exhibits yielded by the Gobi Desert of Mongolia in 1928"—namely, the skulls of a colossal Baluchithere, an extraordinary shovel-tusked Mastodon, and a Titanothere with a nose, or horn, like a battering-ram. Reconstruction drawings of these three remarkable prehistoric monsters appear on our front page and on pages 168 and 169. The following passage, relating to the two top photographs reproduced, has been excised from Mr. Andrews's article at a point just after his reference to the first discovery of a

Baluchitherium, by Mr. C. Forster Cooper, in Baluchistan. Mr. Andrews goes on to say: "During 1922 we had found a skull of this huge creature far out in the centre of the Gobi Desert. Since no other mammal of such a size was known to science, we supposed that we had more 'Baluch.' . . . One day Captain Hill, our topographer, found a skull. That is what we had all been hoping for. It was not a very good skull, for the front was gone, but it demonstrated clearly enough that what we had was not Baluchitherium. Doubtless it is one of that same group of huge hornless browsing rhinoceroses, but represents a new genus."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK, AND MR. ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS.

"THE WORLD'S MOST GIGANTIC LAND MAMMAL": A RECONSTRUCTION.

Specially Drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Margaret Flinsch, under the Direction of Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History. By Courtesy of Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews. Copyright by "The Illustrated London News."



WITH LEGS "LIKE PILLARS OF A TEMPLE": A NEW TYPE OF BALUCHITHERE EATING LEAVES 28 FT. ABOVE GROUND.

The recent discovery, in Mongolia, of huge skulls of prehistoric beasts, which have formed the basis of the reconstruction drawings given above, opposite, and on our front page) is described on page 166 by Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews. He refers to the creature shown here as "the Mongolian Colossus" and "the world's most gigantic land mammal." The following passage, excised from his article, is placed here in order to bring it under the illustration. "Our beast," he says, "certainly is one of the group of mammals known as Baluchitheres. We can only roughly estimate its proportions as yet, but I believe these will be somewhat as follows: Length, about 25 feet; height at the shoulders,

16 feet; with its neck extended and head upraised it could pluck off leaves 27 or 28 feet above the ground. These giants are unknown except in Asia. Probably they never left that continent. They were too big to migrate and too far advanced in specialisation to adapt themselves to changed conditions. I suspect that is why they died. We know that Mongolia has had climatic cycles, of comparatively humid and dry conditions. During wet cycles vegetation gave the Baluchitheres abundant food. As dehydration progressed and desert conditions began to prevail, doubtless the vegetation slowly disappeared. The great beasts literally starved to death."

A "BATTERING-RAM-NOSE BEAST": EMBOLOTHERIUM RECONSTRUCTED.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY MARGARET FLINSCH, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PROFESSOR HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. BY COURTESY OF MR. ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS. COPYRIGHT BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



"STRANGEST OF ALL" THE NEW TYPES OF PREHISTORIC MONSTERS: THE "BATTERING-RAM" TITANOTHERE.

The following description of this remarkable prehistoric beast formed part of Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews's article given on page 166. We have transferred it here for reasons of space and to associate it closely with the reconstruction drawing. "The Titanotheres of the gray beds," he writes, "were an extraordinary type. Titanotheres were known only from America for many years, but Professor Osborn felt sure that we should find them when we went to Central Asia. He was right. Not only did we discover many forms closely related to those of the American continent, but others as well. Most of them are strange-looking beasts, but strangest of all is our last summer's discovery.

A huge club-like nose two feet long, bulbous and rugose at the end, projects straight upward into the air. It is not a frontal horn as in other Titanotheres. It is composed chiefly of the nasal bones, and the photographs of the skulls (see page 167) plainly show the tubular nares. In the field we supposed that it represented a new phylum, or branch, of the group. Superficial examination in the Museum leads us to think that it may possibly prove to be an extreme specialisation of the Dolichorhinus type. We obtained seven skulls, only one of which has reached the Museum as yet. Professor Osborn will name it Embolotherium, 'the battering-ram nose beast.'"



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

DO not object to men denouncing the Dictatorships that are everywhere springing up in Europe, as in the last instance in Serbia. But I do object to men declining even to inquire what it is they denounce. In the case of Serbia it is assisted by the fad of calling it Jugo-Slavia, which makes it sound as if it were something out of Lear's Nonsense Rhymes, like the land of the Yongi-Bongi-Bo. I believe the word simply means the Southern Slavs, which seems to me about as sensible as referring to Poland as the Northern Slavs. Or, for that matter, referring to

England as the Western Indo-Europeans. I know the name was partly invented to cover new territories; but I think it a pity that we lost a name that was historic and heroic, and substituted a name that is merely pedantic and full of the modern nonsense of ethnology. When I was a boy it was called Servia when the war broke out it was called Serbia; but during the war the Serbs were heroes. Now that they have taken a most important step, which is part of a general movement in civilisation, good or bad, the people we called Serbs will probably be considered comic, because the man in the street will have an impression that they are called Yugs.

Everybody knows that the movement for a Dictatorship began among the Italians, though hardly anybody knows why. It began where so many other things have begun-in the centre of what is sometimes called the Latin civilisation. Out of that Columbus came to discover America. Out of that Napoleon came to rediscover Europe. For, though all sorts of sense and nonsense have been talked for and against Napoleon, the main thing about him was this: that, just after the age when nations had grown most exclusively national, he realised that there really is or could be one nation as large as the Roman Empire. Perhaps the most profound of his many epigrams was the statement that all European wars are civil wars. But there is another side to the truth, and Napoleon was mistaken in not allowing enough for the nationalism of Spain and of England. And this fair and balanced view of the case is very relevant to the real question about Mussolini and the new Dictators.

I think that the fair way of putting it would be something like this. repeatedly happened in Europe, when abuses of a stale system began to accumulate, that the men of the north and the men of the south have dealt with the subject differently. The names I give them are not exact, but they cause less confusion than talking about Teutons and Latins, let alone the hundred perils of talking about Protestants and Catholics. The more enlightened of the northerners, especially their kings and aristocracies, have generally been quite aware of the decadence and danger. But they have believed, rightly

or wrongly, in delay and deliberation, and an attempt to graft the new things on to the old. Whether they were wise or no, things grew worse, and they went on thinking about how things might be made better. And then, before they had finished their wiser deliberations, if they were wiser, something happened. There came promptly and perhaps prematurely, but certainly with stunning effect, the blow of the Latins. We may say that Latins are too impatient to wait. We may also say that Latins are too intelligent to wobble. But anyhow, that is what happened in the French Revolution and that is what has happened in the Fascist Revolution.

At the end of the eighteenth century every rational person knew that a great many old things would have to be mended or ended. The despots knew it better than most people. Frederick of Prussia, Joseph of Austria, Catherine the Tsaritsa of the Russians, came afterwards to stand in some ways for the reaction; but they were all originally in favour of the reform.

The aristocracy, which in England took the place of

struck. The men from Marseilles had dragged their guns to Paris, roaring their imperishable song; the Bastille had fallen, and the mightiest of Christian monarchies was suddenly no more. That is how the thing happened. You may say that the northern moderates, left to themselves, would have done better. You may say that the northern moderates, left to themselves, would have done nothing. But anyhow, they were not left to themselves, because the hot and logical race, the men of the Mediterranean, would endure nonsense no more.



THE COMPLETION OF THE GREAT PESELLINO ALTAR-PIECE AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY BY THE ADDITION OF THE MISSING PANEL, WHICH WAS IN THE POSSESSION OF THE KAISER: THE MUTILATED "SAINTS ZENO AND JEROME," WHICH HAS BEEN SECURED.

As is noted opposite, where the full story is given, the famous altar-piece by Pesellino which is in Room IV at the National Gallery is about to be completed by the addition of the long-missing panel reproduced above. It may be added here that this particular panel, which has been cut down at the bottom, was found in the personal collection of the Kaiser.

Copyright Photograph by the National Gallery.

a despot, knew it equally well. The wisest Whigs compromised with the American democracy and began to talk about reforming the English representation. But, when all was said and done, it was mostly compromise when it was not mostly talk. I use the expression "when all was said and done," but not much was done, compared with what was said. And then, while this was going on, with whatever proportions of progress and procrastination, the news came like a thunderclap: the Man of the South had

That is exactly what has happened again, before our very eyes, and still we could not see it. Parliament has in practice become a mass of nonsense, just as Versailles, with its dead etiquette and heraldry, had become a mass of nonsense. It may be that it might have been purged and saved; it may be that Parliamentarism may purged and saved. What I complain of is that Parliamentarians are not making the smallest attempt to purge or save it. They are content to brag of all the liberties we have lost, and of all the votes that we never want to use, and of all the utterly unpopular laws passed in the interests of the people. They never talk about the abuses that have really rotted away the reputation of representative government; the capitalist backing even of collectivist professions; the secret fund that is no longer a secret. Meanwhile, all over Europe we hear the same story: that Parliamentarism is simply government by professional politicians, and that the professional politicians are profoundly corrupt. cannot meet a universal criticism like that by jeering at Mussolini as if he were a bloodthirsty organ-grinder, or by laughing over anything that hap-pens in Serbia, as if it happened in Ruritania.

It is, of course, exactly the same game that the Anti-Jacobins played against the Jacobins. It is the same policy that represented the French Revolution solely and entirely as a filthy mob of fiends. It is the same silly spirit that would not describe Washington as General Washington, or that would describe Napoleon as General Buonaparte. In both cases, it is easier to treat a foreigner as funny, or an idealist as mad, than to understand what is really happening in the world we live in. In both cases, certain great institutions, in which the men of our blood once firmly believed, have been allowed to become muddles and mockeries. In the one case, it was the mediæval idea of a King. In the other, it was the mediæval idea of a Parliament. The real question, on which reasonable men may disagree, is whether a patient reform was possible, or a drastic reform was neces-But to hear the average Liberal and Parliamentarian talk, you would think that nothing had ever needed to

be reformed since the Reform Bill. You would think that the modern Parliament, which professes to be based on a popular theory, was really a popular thing. It is as if the Royalists had really expected a modern mob to feel exactly the same reverence for King Louis that a mediæval mob would have felt for St. Louis. St. Louis was a good King and Washington was a good Republican; but (to use the degenerate speech of the descendants of the latter) when a thing has gone bad, it has got to make good.

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COMPLETED BY THE KAISER'S PANEL: OUR PESELLINO MASTERPIECE.

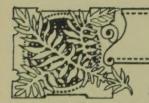
A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH FROM PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



THE ASSEMBLING OF THE PIECES OF PESELLINO'S GREAT ALTAR-PIECE AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "THE TRINITY" AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN THE MISSING PANEL FROM THE EX-GERMAN EMPEROR'S COLLECTION HAS BEEN ADDED ON THE RIGHT.

4.4

The very interesting announcement has been made that the famous altar-piece by Pesellino in Room IV. at the National Gallery is to be completed at last. As it at present stands, the work bears the inscription: "The Trinity, with Angels and Saints. By Francesco Pesellino. 1422—1457. Florentine School. Centre Panel purchased 1863. Angel to right bequeathed by the Countess Brownlow 1917. Angel to left purchased 1917. Panel to left with S. James and S. Mamante lent by his Majesty the King 1919." To give its history, as told in the "Times": "The altar-piece was commissioned in 1455 for S. Trinita, Pistoia, and completed after Pesellino's death by Fra Filippo Lippi in 1459. The National Gallery originally possessed only the central portion, purchased in 1863, representing the Trinity, with God the Father holding up the cross on which hangs the Son. The other panels of the altar-piece had been dispersed. But in 1917 Countess Brownlow bequeathed to the National Gallery the Flying Angel that formed the right-hand upper corner; and the same year the corresponding Angel on the other side was purchased from Lord Somers. To complete the altar-piece (apart from the Predella, whose whereabouts was known but which was unattainable), the side panels were still wanting. One of them, representing SS. James the Great and Mammes, was in the possession of the King, who consented to lend it to the Gallery. With this addition, the altar-piece was restored practically to its original condition, except for the absence of the other side panel representing SS. Zeno and Jerome. This panel, unfortunately slightly cut down at the bottom, was discovered in the personal collection of the Emperor of Germany, and for many years efforts have been made to secure it with a view to completing the whole. The difficulties were great owing to the war and the subsequent position of the Imperial collections in Germany; but the National Art-Collections Fund has now at last, in association with and owing to the generosity of Sir Joseph Duveen, succeeded in



CROCODILES OF MALAYA:

THEIR HABITS; METHODS OF HUNTING THEM; AND ADVENTURES AT A RARELY SEEN CROCODILE NEST.

By V. G. BELL, Deputy Conservator of Forests, Perak North, British Malaya. (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

ROCODILES, despite the price put on their heads by the local police, are still comparatively common in most of our larger Malayan rivers. During the last year the writer has often returned from a boat, after a Saturday night's shoot, with at least six carcases, each over six feet in length. The recent Government annual reports show that they kill more men than tigers do at present. Except in the smaller and less-frequented streams, such as the Sungei Jerlun Kedah, where they are wont to lie up for the hot hours in dense scrub-hoping, no doubt, to catch some unwary crab-eating macaque (monkey)—croco-diles are wary and difficult to approach within gunshot during daylight.

> Shooting Crocodiles at Night.

At night their vigilance generally slackens. At low water, on a pitch-black night, when the tide is just commencing to roll up-

stream, a couple of good Malay paddlers will push off in their koleh (a small boat of the dug-out type), having set an inverted box in the bows for the man with the gun to sit on. Immediately behind him squats another Malay, who knows the crocodiles' favourite back-waters, and also all likely spots where they lie up on the mudbanks. This man plays the bright beam of his electric spot-light all along the river bank, casting about for telltale gleamings. A big crocodile's eyes stand out clearly, almost like bicycle lamps, at even as much as 400 yards' range, and the eyes of his lesser brethren (most distinctly closer together) shine red like rubies.

The spot-light operator suddenly hisses: "Situ dia" ("There he is"), and absolute silence is the order. The boat floats up to within about fifteen feet, and you fire at either the neck or just below the eye—the neck for preference. The second barrel should instantly be fired, and the gun reloaded rapidly; for many a crocodile, though hard hit, manages in the end to roll from the shallows into deep water, unless one takes immediate

steps to stop him where he is. The weapon the writer used was a B.S.A. twelve-bore shot-gun loaded with buckshot. Littoral (sea-coast) croco-diles are easier to stalk at night than river-frequenting ones, for the lapping of the waves drowns the noise of your approach. They probably think your spot-light is the rising moon.

Many old sea "crocs" are thickly encrusted on the back and tail flukes with live barnacles, algæ, and moss.

Diet, Habits, and Dimensions.

I have examined the contents of many crocodiles' maws, and have found therein the following articles: dog licenses, wire collars and goatbells, king crabs, ordinary crab - claws, fish - hooks and line, chunks of granite and quartzite, etc., remains of chickens and ducks and ducks and ducks eggs, seeds of river margin trees, para rubber seed, ikan sembilan headpieces—that is, the skulls of a certain species of fish; fish remains of all kinds, monkey-fur, and even. in one case, a Shanghai coconut fibre brush.

The biggest crocodile I have shot (and I can now claim a bag of nearly 800 actually secured, all sizes) was a male 15 ft. 6 in. in length from tip to tip, and practically toothless. Big males often have great gashes Big

on their tails caused by fighting. When fighting, they bellow weirdly. Even baby crocodiles, when about to emerge from the egg, can bleat like tiny buffalo calves. When a crocodile is hit, he opens and shuts his jaws (he sometimes bleats), or slaps with his tail, or rolls over and over in the water before submerging. If hit in the eye and blinded,

often swims on the surface with his head held high out of the water, like a duck, making for the mudbanks. His object is, no doubt, to lie up with his head clear of the water — for otherwise shoals of minute fishes and crustacea would give the wound no rest. Crocodiles do a certain amount of scavenging: for instance, they swallow dead ducks and chickens floating near the Chinese fishing villages.

The method of fishing for croco-Fishing for diles is to have the bait strongly Crocodiles. lashed to a hook, but lightly tied to a little raft formed of palm-leaf midribs, or wild banana stems, anchored near the bank. To the hook, which is just over nine inches in length, is—attached to a loop in the centre—a six-foot hank of loosely plaited rami (bark) fibre, joined to a 50-ft. rotan sega cane. The rami

PART OF THE CLUTCH OF 65 EGGS TAKEN FROM THE CROCODILE'S NEST SHOWN IN THE LOWER PHOTOGRAPH AND IN ONE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE: THEIR SIZE IN COMPARISON TO A DOG ..

strands clog the crocodile's teeth, and prevent his sawing through the line when he feels the hook strike home, and the cane betrays his posi-tion. No float is attached to the line, lest it should catch in river-weed, and give the "croc" some purchase to tear out the hook bodily. The hook is made of bicycle brake-lever steel, with a

At dawn I proceeded to the scene, and found the end of the line, inshore, but after a long, strong haul, the hook came away empty. The crocodile had wound the rotan in and out and round a thick clump of rushes, and so withdrawn the hook. The bait had gone. But $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. of frayed, pre-digested rami fibre showed us quite clearly that he had felt that hook deep in his before he started to get rid of gave him a week to forget; then set another bait, and this time all went well. He was duly landed, and despatched with a revolver shot, and in his stomach still remained the lashings used to tie to the raft our bait of the week
This "croc" was only 101 ft. long. but This "croc" was only 10½ ft. long, but beautifully marked, with a clear skin, due to his long sojourn in unusually limpid waters. (Our rivers are generally muddy, owing to the presence of tin-mines upstream.)

A Crocodile's

a telegram from the Forest Ranger, at Penang, reading thus: "Buaya bertelor"—"A crocodile has nested!" Next day being a holiday, I decided to go and view this rarely seen phenomenon. Seven o'clock on a Sunday phenomenon. Seven o'clock on a Sunday morning saw us proceeding through ricelands. Passing to the edge of the bendang (rice-fields) we entered hutan darat (inland forest) country, as represented by clumps of piai raia fern, fig-trees, and somewhat sickly mangrove forest. Here and there were a few stunted and abandoned coconut palms, A forest guard then said that the nest was close

On July 7 last I received

Almost immediately we heard a heavy rustling, then saw at fifteen yards an 11-ft. advancing steadily on towards us. She halted fully exposed on a dry crab heap (a mound of mud thrown up by the working of crabs below), and we remained at a distance of twelve yards, staring hard at each other for full three minutes. Then she slid

downwards into the kubang, or mud-wallow, snout forward, and glaring at her enemy, not eight yards distant. Any attempt to decrease the range from here was always greeted with a sudden violent demonstration of hostility on her part. She behaved for all the world like some nesting swan at Abbotsford. By means of deflecting her atten-

tion (by having a shower of mud clods directed at the yonder side of her wallow), I was enabled to stalk up gradually, step by step, till I was only eight feet from her, and so to take the photographs here reproduced. But always some five seconds after any particular clod had fallen. she slewed round again to gaze at me most bane-

For fully fifteen minutes we remained so-eight feet distant. I durst proceed no further, for another two feet would have brought me to the very edge of her mud bath. In order to snap her in action a forest guard behind kept up his slow bombardment, and the fall of every missile caused galvanic enemy movement. Immediately on impact she reared up in menace, carry ing her ugly head a full four feet above her shallow wallow, churning the water to foam with her slapping tail, and viciously

A MOTHER CROCODILE DEFENDING HER NEST (THE LARGE "PLATFORM" OF BRUSHWOOD TO LEFT AND SLIGHTLY ABOVE HER): A HOSTILE SORTIE FROM HER MUD WALLOW TOWARDS AN INTRUDER. ping her jaws to right, to left, and to centre. At span of 21 in. at the barbed, bent end; the other

end is also sharpened.

Not long ago a line was set at 6 p.m. in an old clear-water mining pool at Kamunting, near Taiping. At 10 p.m. a forest guard reported that, two hours before, the bait had been taken, and that the rotan (rattan cane) was being trailed all round the pond.

length, to get at the nest, so near and yet so far, despite her staunch defence I had to shoot her. And very mean I felt in doing so. crocodiles themselves have little pity. (For further details, see the descriptive note at the foot of the opposite page.)



"LIKE SOME NESTING SWAN": A MOTHER CROCODILE'S GALLANT DEFENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. G. BELL, DEPUTY CONSERVATOR OF FORESTS, PERAK NORTH, BRITISH MALAYA. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



THE CROCODILE'S EGGS (NUMBERING IN ALL NO FEWER THAN SIXTY-FIVE!) IN HER NEST, FROM WHICH CAME BLEATING SOUNDS OF YOUNG ABOUT TO HATCH:

THE TOP LAYER OF EGGS AS SEEN AFTER REMOVAL OF AN 8-INCH LAYER OF ROTTING FERN-STALKS.



"SHE REARED UP IN MENACE, CARRYING HER UGLY HEAD A FULL FOUR FEET ABOVE HER SHALLOW 'WALLOW,' CHURNING THE WATER TO FOAM WITH HER SLAPPING TAIL, AND VICIOUSLY SNAPPING HER JAWS": THE MOTHER CROCODILE PROTECTING HER NEST (PARTLY VISIBLE ON THE LEFT).

The above photographs illustrate the latter part of Mr. V. G. Bell's remarkably interesting article on the opposite page, where he describes a visit to that "rarely seen phenomenon," a crocodile's nest, in a Malayan forest. After relating, at the end, how he came within eight feet of the enraged mother crocodile, and finally had reluctantly to shoot her, he goes on to say: "The nest was a 3 ft. by 2 ft. mound, like some great grebe's platform, situated not 5 ft. from her prostrate body. And in response to the gun report I had heard the answering bleatings of sundry little 'crocs' about to hatch out from the eggs. Reason

enough for the boldness of the mother! We removed 2 ft. of rotting, tepid piai fern stems, then came to a layer of fifteen eggs, just cracking, and below them dug out several other layers, till the total clutch was taken, sixty-five eggs. It would seem that the female crocodile does not sit on her eggs, but just guards them, relying solely on the sun's heat and the warmth of decomposing vegetable matter to incubate them. It may be that she stands by to help the youngsters into the world by biting to break their very solid egg-shells. In any case, she is there to protect them, and does so very gallantly."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"UNDERTONES OF WAR," By EDMUND BLUNDEN; and "A FATALIST AT WAR," by RUDOLF BINDING.*

(THE FORMER PUBLISHED BY RICHARD COBDEN-SANDERSON; THE LATTER, BY GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN.)

HEN first he rode into the "uncertain fortunes of the night," Rudolf Binding, of the Jungdeutschland cavairy, was forty-seven. When first he entrained for the Front, Edmund Blunden, of the Royal Sussex, was under twenty. Each man is a poet, a dreamer of dreams, a fashioner of fancies. Each loaties the manical dreams, a fashioner of fancies. Each loathes the maniacal futility of war, the supreme stupidity. Each sees a mouthing mockery, the crimson corpse of Civilisation, in the red shimmer on the bayonet's sullied steel, in the screeching shell, the dull bursting of the bomb, the crack of the grenade, the whistling bullet; in the light of the flares, the lacerating wire, the strangling gas, the lurking mine, the whirr of the 'plane; in rehearsals for attack, "selections" for stern "very secret" duties, the mud and the blood and the misery, the filth and the stench, the wails of the wounded and the dying, the dreadful distortions of the dead. Each is resentful. Each agrees with the other in recognising the wisdom behind such satires as that of the "Archives of Reason," whose advice to Americans desiring not to be too proud was: "Dig a trench shoulder-high in your garden; fill it half-full of water and get into it. Remain there for two or three days on an empty stomach. Fur-

of water and get into it. Remain there for two or three days on an empty stomach. Furthermore, hire a lunatic to shoot at you with revolvers and machine-guns at close range. This arrangement is quite equal to a war, and will cost your country very much less." Each would most certainly support Sir Arthur Keith's "We are given ten times as much brain as we need. Very few people use 50 per cent of their brains; many recoile but to per cent of their brains; many people but 10 per cent." Each has wondering scorn for endless orders from Headquarters. But Binding was forty-seven; and Blunden

But Binding was forty-seven; and Blunden was nineteen. A generation divides them. Thus it is that the one is more cynically critical than the other, more of the fatalist, and more bored, because even more disgusted. The German is bitter thoughtfully, and, as it were, deliberately; the Englishman is bitter intermittently, intellectually, as the mood comes to him, and as the lure of adventure is less inviting.

"Not one of the belligerent Powers and not one of their men," wrote Binding in January, 1915, "have as yet developed a technique of modern warfare—unless it is Hindenburg. To impress one's particular stamp on a war—

modern warfare—unless it is Hindenburg. To impress one's particular stamp on a war—Napoleonic, Hannibalic, Moltke-esque, or Casarian—that would constitute a style. The first grand attack on the Western Front was more of an elemental shock of two gigantic forces in rapid motion, and had nothing of the style of war. A certain duration of the action, a certain repetition, a selected speed, is essential to that. Every blow of Hindenburg's Army shows the impress of the same mark. One recognises him in every one of his thrusts, as one might know a knight, closevisored, by the way he bears his lance." Thus speaks meditative middle-age.

"What was the attack? This. The German line ran out in a small cape here, called The Boar's Head. This was to be 'bitten off,' no doubt to render the maps in the chateaux of the mighty more symmetrical. . . . The

The Boar's Head. This was to be 'bitten off,' no doubt to render the maps in the chateaux of the mighty more symmetrical. . . . The communiqué that morning . . . referred to the Boar's Head massacre somehow thus: 'East of Richebourg a strong raiding party penetrated the enemy's third line.' Perhaps, too, it claimed prisoners; for we were told that three Germans had found their way 'to the Divisional Cage.'" Thus speaks sarcastic youth. But in conjunction must be read: "It is not so easy (once we have slipped over our parapet again) to leave the front line for battalion headquarters; it has magnetised the mind; and for a moment one feels that to 'break the horrid silence' would be an act of creation."

What Binding found Greek tragedy, Blunden found the grim drama of the Grand Guignol.

For the rest, it must be said that both writers stress the unimaginable, the almost unnamable, horrors of the battlefields, their beastliness, their primitive and calculated brutality, and, the Englishman more than the German, the magnificence of the men, those men "in the pink" who were so homesick and yet so stoical. That they will shock the squeamish who prefer to think only of the gallant fighting of the picture-books and the posters goes without saying; that they will be accused of exaggerating personal points-of-view is equally certain; that they are telling the truth, and the whole truth, according to their lights, none will dare to deny. In that lies the strength of their appeal: they present reality—the terrors, the grotesqueries, the

Sanderson; 108. 6d. net.)

"A Fatalist at War." By Rudolf Binding, Translated from the German by Ian F. D. Morrow. (George Allen and Unwin; 108, 6d. net.)

greatness and the littleness; above all, the monotony, the monotony of mire and muddle, of a war that "crawls along like a car without petrol, a horse without any oats, or a human being without any joy in life," the monotony of troglodytism, of wealed earth, and of wrecked buildings jagging up like rotting fangs in a twisted jaw.

Binding describes a devastated zone: "I can still find no word nor image to express the awfulness of that waste. There is nothing like it on earth, nor can be. A desert is always a desert; but a desert which tells you all the time that it used not to be a desert is appalling. That is the tale which is told by the dumb, black stumps of the shattered trees which still stick up where there used to be villages. They were completely flayed by the splinters of the bursting shells, and they stand there like corpses upright. Not a blade of green anywhere round. The layer of soil which once covered the loose chalk is now buried underneath it. Thousands of shells have brought

Hannover, 16. J. Ki Vaile Mer's wie der Riefer und wing anto " des Be I den Minderryinn der Simplighe'se D'iff wing, som Alen Lousen

HINDENBURG DEFENDS THE KAISER, WRITING: "HIS MAJESTY DID NOT DESERT THE COLOURS!" A HISTORIC DOCUMENT FOR SALE IN BERLIN. With the photograph here reproduced, we have received the following information: "An important historical document in the handwriting of Hindenburg to be auctioned at Henrici's in Berlin: It was written for the Kaiser in 1920." Translated, it reads: "His Majesty did not desert the colours! I indignantly deny this slander! The Kaiser left us because his People had deserted him. The death of a hero at the head of his Army was impossible because the Armistice had been signed. If his Majesty had remained, the result would have been a civil war, and a resumption of hostilities with the Allied Powers. This our unfortunate ruler wished to prevent. It is easy to kick a fallen lion." This is particularly interesting at the moment, as President Hindenburg is reported to have been one of those who sent congratulatory telegrams to the ex-Kaiser on the occasion of his seventieth birthday.

> the stones to the surface and smothered the earth with its own entrails. . . This area ought to remain as it is. No road, no well, no settlement ought to be made there, and every ruler, leading statesman, or president of a republic ought to be brought to see it, instead of swearing

public ought to be brought to see it, instead of swearing an oath on the Constitution, henceforth and for ever. Then there would be no more wars."

As to Blunden: "We took over that death-trap known as the Schwaben Redoubt... climbing the dirty little road over the steep bank, one immediately entered the land of despair. Bodies, bodies, and their useless gear heaped the gross waste ground; the slimy road was soon only a mud track which passed a whitish tumulus of ruin with lurking entrances, some spikes that had been pine-trees, a bricked cellar or two, and died out. The village pond, so blue on the map, had completely disappeared. The Ligne de Pommiers had been grubbed up. The shell holes were mostly small lakes of what was no doubt merely rusty water, but had a red and foul semblance of blood. Paths glistened weakly from tenable point to point. Of the dead, one was conspicuous. He was a Scottish soldier and was kneeling, facing east, so that one could scarcely

credit death in him; he was seen at some little distance from the usual tracks, and no one had much time in Thièpval just then for sight-seeing, or burying. Death could not kneel so, I thought, and, approaching, I ascertained with a sudden shrivelling of spirit that Death could and did."

That is an unforgettable picture; and should be an unforgettable lesson. There are many others both in Mr. Blunden's "Undertones of War" and in Herr Binding's "A Fatalist at War"—scores of them recalling the macabres of the Weirtz Museum; others that have the charm of delicate pastels.

Mr. Blunden's work will live especially in his setting-down of the stories of the bond-servants of destruction which concern the "long talon reaching for its victim at its pleasure," the dug-outs, the trenches, and No Man's Land, the sudden, shattering death; rests, patrols, raids—particularly raids: "I do not know what opinion prevailed among other battalions, but I can say that our greatest distress at this period was due to that short and dry word, 'raid.' Adducing one reason or another, the lowering of the enemy's spirits, the raising of our own, the identification of some supposedly new troops opposite, the damaging of the German trenches, the Great Unknowns behind us were growing infatuated with this same word. Rumours often sprang up, promising us that we were to carry out one of these nightly suicide operations. . . ."

Herr Binding's will live in kindred manner, and particularly by reason of its detail. Few

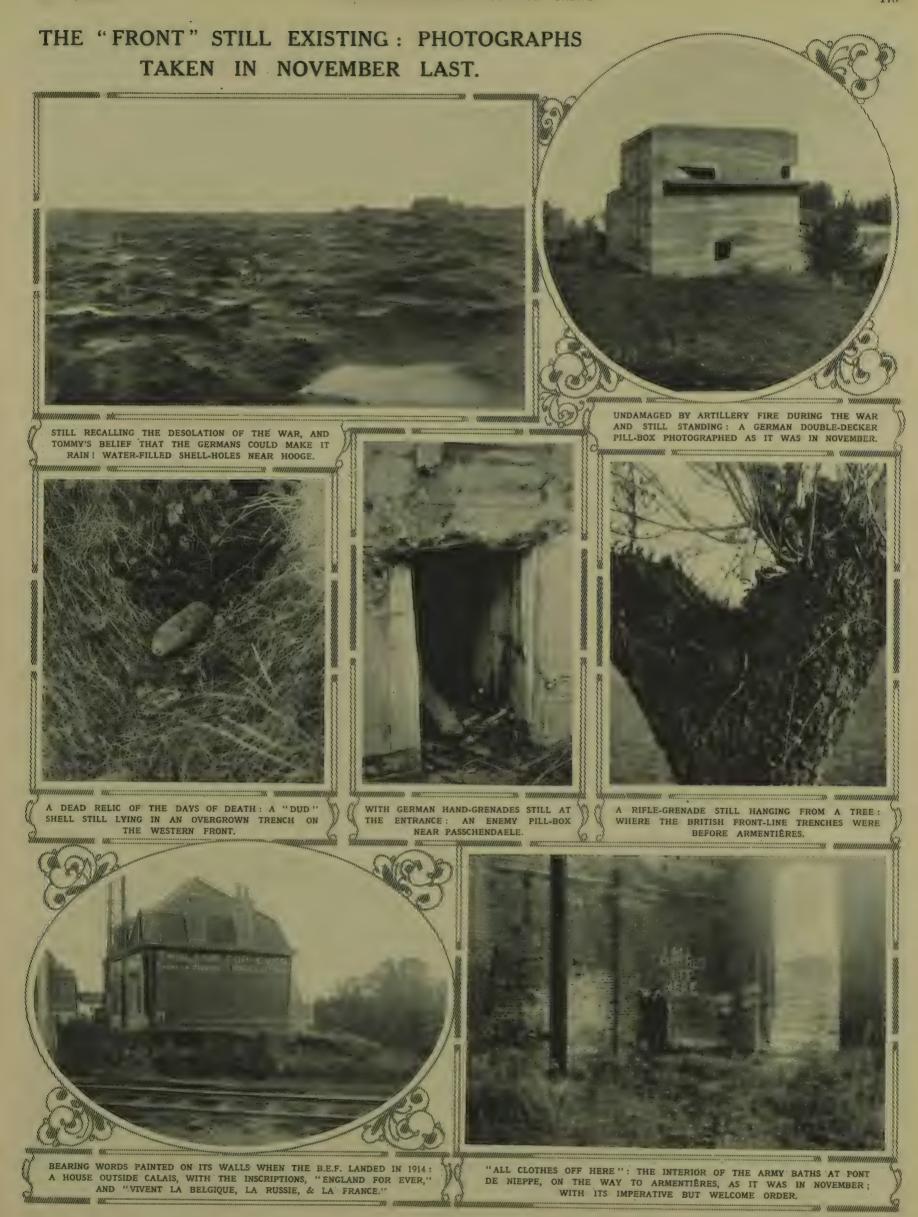
operations. . . ."
Herr Binding's will live in kindred manner, and particularly by reason of its detail. Few will remain unimpressed by the aura of muddle that masked German Army method at times: will remain unimpressed by the aura of muddle that masked German Army method at times: disciplined confusion as a rule, but confusion for all that, and, of course, natural enough. All will recall the Rowlandsonesque scene of March, 1918: "I turned round at once and took a sharp turn with the car into Albert. As soon as I got near the town I began to see curious sights. Strange figures, which looked very little like soldiers, and certainly showed no sign of advancing, were making their way back out of the town. There were men driving cows before them on a line; others who carried a hen under one arm and a box of notepaper under their arm and another one open in their hand. Men who had torn a silk drawing-room curtain from off its rod and were dragging it to the rear as a useful bit of loot. . . . Men dressed up in comic disguise. Men with tophats on ther heads. Men staggering. Men who could hardly walk. They were mostly troops from one of the Marine divisions. When I got into the town the streets were running with wine. . . ." All will remember the two old, old people sitting, rigid and immovable, on either side of the fading fire in the deserted farm; the Christmases and the Easters at the Front; the dreadful dead and the more dreadful shreds of the dead; the men "sticky with the losses"; the illusions of a coming peace; the Serman "stitches" in Austria's ragged coat; the heartrending evacuations of villages; the scandal of the German Crown Prince's string of race-horses, "sleek as eels and bursting with oats"; and, again particularly, the German push of 1918: ". . . . We are going like hell, on and on, day and night. The sun and moon help. One or two hours' halt, then on again. . . . We are through at last, through the awful crater-field of the Somme. . . One cannot go on victoriously for ever without ammunition or any sort Somme. . . . One cannot go on victoriously for ever without ammunition or any sort of reinforcements. Behind us lies the wilder-

interesting for ever without ammunition or any sort who sent of reinforcements. Behind us lies the wilder-birthday.

The Great War, as a general interest, has come into its own again. A month or two ago was "The Case of Sergeant Grischa"; then, last week, was that remarkable play of dug-out life, "Journey's End." Now we have "Undertones of War" and "A Fatalist at War": both will have success and, what is more, deserve it—deserve it for themselves and for their warning: "But it is time to return from these abysmal peregrinations to the world up aloft, where still here and there in outlying pits a minenwerfer (without its team) thrusts up its steel mouth towards the old British line; where the ration party uses the 'dry places' in the mud—those bemired carcasses which have not yet ceased to serve 'the great adventure'—and the passer-by hates the plosh of the whizzing fuse-top into the muck worse than the fierce darts of the shrapnel itself; where men howl out angry imprecation at officers whom they love; where our poor half-wit and battalion joke, whom red tape will not let us send away, is running out above the Schwaben half-naked, slobbering, and yet at times aware that he is not in his perfect mind." Those are the words of Edmund Blunden, stabbing at the heart.

E. H. G.

^{• &}quot; Undertones of War." By Edmund Blunden. (Richard Cobden-

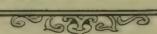


Time has healed most of the wounds of the war; but scars remain. Some, indeed, are shown deliberately; witness the Canadian trenches preserved at Vimy Ridge as a part of Canada's Battlefields Memorial, and the Newfoundland Memorial Park, at Beaumont Hamel, which is a piece of the original battlefield on the Western Front, a section of the war area remaining now as it did on the day that the Armistice was signed. Others remain with less deliberate intent. Here we illustrate some of them, adding that the photographs were taken by one of our readers as recently as last November. The pictures are self-explanatory,

but it may be remarked that, in a measure, they illustrate three works of art that are under much discussion at the moment—that fine "dug-out" play, "Journey's End," at the Savoy Theatre, and Mr. Edmund Blunden's "Undertones of War" and Herr Binding's "A Fatalist at War." Our reference to rain is from the former book: "Another storm, and a more serious and incontestable one, was now creeping on miserably with grey vapour of rain . . . It was one of the many which caused the legend, not altogether dismissed even by junior officers, that the Germans could make it rain when they wanted to!"



WORLD SCIENCE. THE





THE TURKEY-VULTURE AND ITS RELATIVES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.,

READER of this page writes to me from Florida asking me to say something about the "turkey-He wants to know how it came by such an incongruous name, since it is obviously neither a turkey nor a buzzard, but a vulture; and what relationship it has to the vultures he saw in Egypt during the war.

I have been set a very agreeable task, for the turkey-vulture (Fig. 1) is really a most interesting bird, as I hope to be able to show. As touching the prefix "turkey," there are two versions as to its association with this bird. According to one, it was bestowed on account of its likeness to our "Christmas turkey," inasmuch as in both birds the head and neck are featherless, and the bare skin is of a vivid red hue; while the resemblance is supposed to be still further strengthened by the fact that the plumage in both is black. This is all very well as far as it goes, but in the general form and carriage of the body the two birds have nothing whatever in common. other version is more reasonable, since (according to Audubon) when courting, the turkey-vulture, or, as it is more commonly called, the turkey-buzzard, struts about like a turkey. The reference to the buzzard is perhaps to be explained by its wonderful soaring flight; though it is a finer performer on the wing than the true buzzards, which are allies of the eagles

It is certainly a vulture in its habits, for, like its near relation, the black vulture, it renders valuable services as a scavenger both in the streets of towns and on homesteads in the open country. No effort is ever made to bury a dead cow or a dead horse by the planter of the Southern States of America, where both birds are common. He simply drags the carcase to some vacant spot, and there leaves it "for the buzzards." In some Southern towns they form a self-constituted street-cleaning depart-ment Where the turkey-buzzard and the black vulture come into contact, the black vulture, by virtue of its greater size, always secures first place at the feast. Being nowhere molested, these birds



FIG. 2. REMARKABLE AMONG BIRDS OF PREY FOR THE "BARBARIC SPLENDOUR" OF ITS PLUMAGE: THE KING-VULTURE-SHOWING THE PECULIAR WHITE IRIS. The King-Vulture is one of the most strikingly coloured of all the birds of prey: the head and neck glowing with bright orange and scarlet, with patches of blue near the ears; while the white iris gives the bird a very singular appearance. Save for the flight-feathers and their greater coverts, the plumage is of a rich creamy-white, except the "ruff" round the neck, which is lead-coloured.

are quite tame, and will barely make way for anyone passing while they are demolishing some savoury carcase. Save for temporary squabbles at meal-times, these two are very sociable, and roost in companies wherever they happen to range over the same territory.

In appearance they are much alike, though the black vulture is the more funereal-looking of the two, since the bare head and neck are of a dirty-looking grey, not crimson, as in the turkey-vulture. But the latter, it is to be noted, while immature, lacks this crimson splendour, the head and neck then being sparsely covered with degenerate, down-like feathers. The American vultures are not only in no wise related to the vultures of the Old World, but they belong to a



FIG. 1. THE MOST PRIMITIVE OF THE BIRDS OF PREY: THE AMERICAN TURKEY-VULTURE-SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC OPEN NOSTRIL.

The American vultures have only this in common with the true vultures of the Old World, that they are carrion-eaters. By descent they stand apart from all the other birds of prey, among which they are the most primitive and ancient group. The open nostril, which forms the most characteristic feature of the American vultures, is plainly seen in this photograph of the "Turkey-Vulture,"

widely different group, quite distinct from all the other birds of prey. Some, indeed, place them in an order by themselves: the Cathartæ. They form, indeed, a most instructive and interesting link with the steganopodous birds-the gannets, cormorants, and pelicans and their kind—and the stork-tribe; showing that the "birds of prey," on the one hand, and the "stork-tribe" on the other are divergent branches of a common stock. The Cathartæ are, in short, the oldest and most primitive of the birds of The evidence on which this conclusion is based rests entirely on anatomical characters, and these are of too technical a kind to be discussed here. But there is one external feature by which they may be distinguished at a glance not merely from the Old World vultures, but from all other birds of prey; and this is found in the external nostrils, which, having no partition between them, display a conspicuous hole when the beak is seen in profile against the light (Fig. 1).

There are at least three other species of this most interesting group which must be mentioned here. They are the king-vulture, the condor, and the Californian vulture. The king-vulture (Fig. 2) wears an air of barbaric splendour wanting in all the others. Its plumage is of a rich cream-colour, set off by the contrast of the black quill-feathers and their greater coverts, while the head and neck present glowing areas of orange and red, with patches of blue near the ears. The beak is orange-coloured. But the eyes present the strangest feature of all, since the iris is white, surrounded by a circle of vermilion. As if to set off this riot of colour, the base of the neck is surrounded by a "feather-boa" of a dull lead-colour. It is by no means a common species, and is confined to tropical America. The condor is not only the largest member of his tribe, but one of the largest living birds retaining the power of flight. As may be seen in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 3), it is a bird of very remarkable appearance, having large, fleshy comb on the crown of the head, and a large ruff of white feathers round the neck.

Darwin, when in South America, made an interesting experiment to discover whether the condor and its relatives found their prey by scent or sight. In a garden he visited he found twenty wretched captives tethered in a long row. Having folded a piece of meat in a piece of white paper, he passed backwards and forwards in front of them, and quite close, carrying the meat in his hand. No sign was given that they could smell it. He then threw it on the ground, but still without response. He next pushed it with his stick closer and closer in front of one of them, which at last bent down and touched

the paper with its beak, and then, perceiving the smell, tore off the paper with fury and devoured the bonne bouche. Since then it has been conclusively shown that both the American and the Old World vultures seek their prey by sight.

And now as to the Californian vulture. This also is a huge bird, but little inferior to the condor. Owing however, to the use of poisoned meat laid for "ground-vermin," it has been almost exterminated. It is restricted to the Pacific coast region of the United States, from Oregon to Lower California. Fortunately it still finds a stronghold in the barren and almost inaccessible mountains. Its funereal black plumage is relieved by a white band across the wings, and it has a ruff round the neck. Its flight is described as majestic, and the same is to be said of the condor. The nest, a large structure of loosely arranged sticks, is lodged in crags and cliffs, and contains but a single egg, greenish-white in colour. Herein it differs from the condor, which lays two eggs in a similar nest, and in similar situations. In this matter of nesting, the American vultures show con-

siderable divergence. The black vultures and turkey-vultures make but an apology for a nest, which, in the case of the black vulture, is placed on the ground, sometimes in the open, sometimes under the shelter of bushes or rocks; while the turkey-vulture will build either on the ground or in caverns, or crevices of rocks, and occasionally makes no nest at all, but adopts one deserted by a heron.



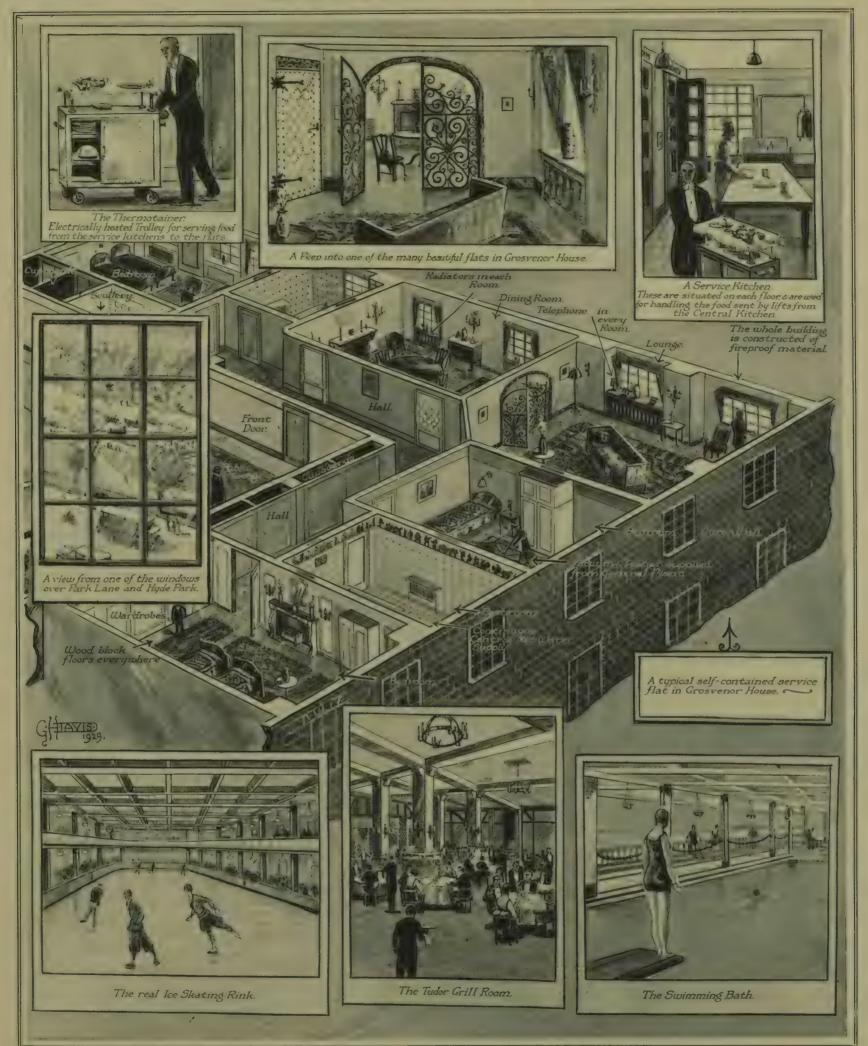
FIG. 3. A GIANT AMONG BIRDS, WITH WONDERFUL S OF FLIGHT: THE CONDOR—SHOWING THE FLESHY "COMB" AND WHITE RUFF.

The Condor is one of the largest living flying birds, and its powers on the wing are marvellous. The claws, for a bird of prey, are small, and this is true of all the vultures. This is readily explained by the fact that they do not have to hold living and struggling victims. The great fleshy "comb" on the head is worn only by the male, and, like the wrinkled skin of the head and neck, is of a dull red colour.

Photographs by D. Seth-Smith. (Copyright.)

THE VOGUE OF THE LUXURY FLAT: A "COLOSSUS" OF PARK LANE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



A DUCAL MANSION REPLACED BY A PALATIAL BLOCK OF SERVICE FLATS: THE NEW GROSVENOR HOUSE.

The modern tendency to live in luxurious flats, instead of large houses as formerly, is typified by the new Grosvenor House, which stands on the site once occupied by the Duke of Westminster's stately mansion in Park Lane. Viewed from Hyde Park, this great building dwarfs the surrounding property, and it-contains no fewer than 170 magnificent flats, at rentals ranging from about £300 to £3000 per annum. Here the occupants are permanently freed from the cares of the servant problem, and enjoy the comfort of central heating and a constant hot-water supply day or night, while food can be ordered at any time by telephone, and is quickly supplied from the central kitchens. Should the flat-dweller wish to dine in public, he can go to either of the two restaurants—one of which, the beautiful Tudor Grill Room, is illustrated here—

and, if entertaining a party too large for his own flat, may use one of the entertaining suites, or even the banqueting hall and ball-room. The building will also contain, when completed, shops for necessities, a hair-dressing saloon, and railway, steamship, and theatre booking-offices; while the occupants can consult a doctor without going out of doors. There will also be a magnificent real ice skating rink, a Turkish bath, a swimming-bath, and squash racquet courts available for members of the Sports Club. Garage accommodation is provided for the occupants' cars, and rooms for their private and personal servants. Another part of the great building houses a magnificent hotel with 400 bed-rooms, each with a bath-room attached. The cost of constructing Grosvenor House will be approximately two million pounds.

By SIR ARTHUR KEITH, F.R.S., Author of "The Antiquity of Man," etc. (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

TO-DAY The Illustrated London News announces a discovery from Palestine which is of the highest interest to all students of prehistoric man. The importance of the discovery lies in this: it supplies the final proof that the caves of Palestine contain a complete record of her ancient inhabitants, and that when they have been properly excavated we shall know as much-perhaps more-of the palæolithic

inhabitants of Palestine as we now know concerning their contemporaries in Europe. Palestine is to possess two histories—her Biblical history and her cave history. There will also be a third—a neolithic or intermediate history which will fill the present blank which lies between these two. The Biblical history of Palestine begins with the arrival of Abraham 2000 years before the birth of Christ. oldest page of cave history which has been found so far was opened by Mr. F. Turville-Petre near the Sea of Galilee in 1925. If our European system of chronology holds good, we must assign the Galilean cave men to a time which preceded that of Abraham by some 20,000 years.

The discovery now made at Mount Carmel, which is forty miles distant from Galilee and twenty from Nazareth, reveals the kind of life led by the inhabitants of Palestine towards the end of the cave period. If the palæolithic phase of cave life came to an end in Palestine about the same time

as it did in Europe, then we must regard the carved emblems and chipped tools depicted on the adjoining page as the handiwork of men who lived in the caves of Mount Carmel some 8000 or 10,000 years before the prophet Elijah summoned the priests of Baal to meet him on that mount.

The discovery on the western slopes of Mount Carmel has been made by the enterprising Department of Antiquities of the Government of Palestine. Let us glance at the sequence of events which led up to it. In the spring of 1925 Professor John Garstang, then Director of the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem, was joined by a young graduate of the Anthropological School of Oxford, Mr. F. Turville-Petre.

A cave in the foot-hills to the west of the Sea of Galilee was chosen for exploration. Mr. Turville-Petre began the ex-cavation of the strata in its floor in 1925, and completed his search in 1926. He found in the surface laver objects which told him the cave had been occupied by man in the Byzantine and Bronze periods. Then followed sterile deposits until, at a depth of five feet, an undisturbed stratum was reached. In this stratum, which was a foot and a half thick, Mr. Turville-Petre found (1) part of a fossilised human skull, (2) the fossilised bones of many animals, (3) numerous stone

An examination of the skull proved that the people who lived in Palestine when the deeper stratum of the cave was in process of forma-tion were closely akin to that strange race which occupied Europe in mid-Pleistocene times — Neanderthal man. The stone implements were found to be of the same order of workmanship as those fashioned by Neanderthal man in Europe. Among the animal bones, Miss Dorothy

Bate found, were those of hippopotamus, rhinoceros, camel, ox, and horse, a fauna which indicates that the climate of ancient Palestine was very different in these ancient times from what it now is. Thus under the ægis of the British School of Archæology, and with the full

acquiescence of the Department of Antiquities, there was unfolded and deciphered the first of the many missing chapters in the history of ancient Palestine. A full account of Mr. Turville-Petre's discoveries will be found in a monograph published by the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem, under the title "Researches in Prehistoric Galilee—1925-1926."

The Galilee cave revealed only two periods of

Capernaum 2 Bay of Acre GALILEE Sea of Sea Galilee Tiberiaso MT CAR Athlit oNazareth Railways --

FIG. 1. SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE "VALLEY OF THE CAVE," WHERE THE DISCOVERY WAS MADE, ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT CARMEL: PART OF PALESTINE, INCLUDING HAIFA, NAZARETH, THE SEA OF GALILEE, AND THE RIVER JORDAN. Map drawn specially for "The Illustrated London News."

occupation—a very ancient one represented by the deep palæolithic stratum, and a recent one, represented by the objects in the surface layer. It was plain that much had happened in Palestine between the palæolithic and bronze age records. This great blank was reduced by discoveries made by Miss Dorothy Garrod, another member of the Oxford school, who began to work for the British School of Archæology in 1928. She had also the advantage of having served an apprenticeship under the master archæologist of Europe—M. l'Abbé Breuil. In 1928 Miss Garrod began a systematic excavation of the Shukbah cave, situated on the western slopes

remains were accompanied by the same kind of toolsfashioned like the corresponding tools of Europe—in the Mousterian style. In the over-lying or succeeding stratum she found remains of about a score of men, women, and children, but they were not of the Neanderthal race; they had narrow, long heads, and their features were not markedly different from the earliest known representatives of the Mediterranean

or south European type. These representatives of modern man were accompanied by their tools. Their tools were worked in a manner which is different from, and yet has much in common with, the Aurignacian culture—the culture which succeeded that of Neanderthal man in Europe.

It was clear that the Shukbah records, so far as they are known, do not carry the story of palæolithic man in Palestine to an end. In Europe other cultures succeeded the Aurignacian; it is probable, Miss Garrod thinks, that there are later stages than that represented at Shukbah. Herein lies the importance of the objects revealed by the trial trench at Mount Carmel. They show features which are reminiscent of the Magdalenian, the last of the palæolithic cultures of Europe. Apparently the limestone caves of Elijah's country were inhabited at the close of the palæolithic period in Palestine, and the objects now discovered represent their cul-ture. Whether this be so or not ture.

can be determined only by a systematic and extensive excavation of the caves of Mount Carmel. Nor shall we have long to wait. The Director of the Department of Antiquities, after sinking a trial trench, and discovering the novel culture represented by the objects depicted on the opposite page, handed over the site to the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem for further exploration. The Director of the School, Mr. J. W. Crowfoot, has entrusted the task to the expert hands of Miss Dorothy Garrod, who has therefore postponed the completion of her work at Shukbah.

The excavations made at Galilee, Mount Ephraim, and Mount Carmel reveal

the caves of Palestine as rich in the records of early man. In more senses than one Palestine is a Land of Promise. By the right use of the spade the history of Palestine and humanity can be carried back to a period so remote that in comparison the time of Abraham will appear quite modern. The Government of Palestine and its Department of Antiquities are fully alive to these possibilities; so are the British School of Archæology and the Palestine Exploration Fund, and their combined efforts are likely to speed all the better if they have behind them an enlightened public which understands their aims.

We cannot know too much of the slow and painful steps taken by mankind to reach its modern civilisations. Cave exploration, as now carried out, is a costly business; an army in the field, such as is maintained by the British School of Archæology, cannot be sup-ported unless there is a home base to provide the sinews of war. Perhaps no school has accomplished so much at

so small an outlay as the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem. To no one does this school owe so much as to Mr. Robert Mond; without his active encouragement and support it could not have accomplished a tithe of what it has done.



FIG. 2. THE SCENE OF THE IMPORTANT ANTHROPOLOGICAL" DISCOVERIES ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE: THE ENTRANCE TO CAVE "A" (SHOWN ALSO IN FIG. 5).

The wall across the mouth of the cave, which is very massive, would appear to have been built for defence, but its date has not yet been ascertained.—[Photograph by Courtesy of the Palestine Department of Antiquities.]

of Mount Ephraim, midway between Joppa and Jerusalem.

In the deepest stratum at Shukbah Miss Garrod found fossil remains of the same extinct race as Mr. Turville-Petre had discovered in Galilee: These fossil

3. FLINT IMPLEMENTS, BONE NEEDLE AND POINTS AND BONE PENDANTS FOUND IN PREHISTORIC HEARTHS
IN CAVE "A" (SEE FIGS. 2 AND 5).

A NEW LINK IN PALESTINE "PREHISTORY": DISCOVERIES "OF THE HIGHEST INTEREST."



FIG. 4. A DEER'S SHOULDER-BLADE THE BATON-DE-COMMANDEMENT FO PIERCED WITH A LARGE HOLE: AN OBJECT FOUND IN PALÆOLITHIC CAVES IN FRANCE, BUT NOT HITHERTO RECORDED OUTSIDE EUROPE.

"A discovery of great interest and importance," writes our special correspondent in Palestine, "has recently been made by the Palestine Department of Antiquities in a group of caves lying in the Wady-el-Mughara ('Valley of the Cave'), two miles south east of the Crusading stronghold of Athlit, on the seaward slope of Mount Carmel. It was decided to make soundings in these caves to find out whether they would repay complete excavation, and Mr. C. Lambert, of the Department of Antiquities, undertook The soundings which he made resulted in the discovery of a series of prehistoric objects of a type hitherto unknown in Palestine. Associated with flint implements and bone points (Fig. 3), resembling those which were found last season by the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem in their excavation of a Palæolithic cave in Western Judæa, were a number of bone pendants (Fig. 3) and a shoulder-blade, probably of deer, pierced with a large hole (Fig. 4). This object, in spite of the difference of material, is comparable with the so-called baton-de-commande-ment, made of reindeer antler, found in Upper Palæolithic sites in Western Europe, which in its turn, as Professor Sollas has pointed out, resembles the arrow-straighteners of the Eskimo. This in itself was an interesting discovery, as the baton-de-commandement has not so far been recorded outside Europe; but it was preceded by one still more unexpected and important-that of the sculptured bone shown in Figs. 6 and 7. This represents a young animal, probably a bull calf, standing with head thrown back in an attitude faintly recalling one of the painted bison in the cave of Altamira. The head and part of the body are carved in [Continued below.



ENTRANCE TO THE WADY-EL-MUGHARA ("VALLEY OF THE CAVE") ON THE SLOPE OF MEL: A VIEW SHOWING THE CAVE (IN THE CENTRE, IDENTIFIABLE BY COMPARISON ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE) IN WHICH OBJECTS HERE ILLUSTRATED WERE DISCOVERED. MOUNT CARMEL:



6. OF HIGH IMPORTANCE AS REPRESENTING A PHASE OF PREHISTORIC HITHERTO UNKNOWN IN PALESTINE: PART OF AN ANIMAL FIGURE CARVED IN BONE (ACTUAL SIZE).



FIG. 7. "NOT UNWORTHY OF THE MAGDALENIAN ARTISTS OF WESTERN EUROPE": THE COMPLETE FIGURE (AS IN FIG. 6) CARVED IN THE END OF A ARTISTS FRAGMENT OF LONG BONE (ACTUAL SIZE).

the round, but the legs, of which two only are shown, are done in low relief. In spirit and technique this carving is not unworthy of the Magdalenian artists of Western Europe, but only, further excavation in the cave deposit from which it came will allow us to decide whether it was made by Palæolithic hunters who were contemporary with the Magdalenians and influenced by their culture, or whether it belongs to a later transitional stage, bridging the gap which still exists in the Near East between the Late Palæolithic and the Copper Age. In either case it represents a development of prehistoric art for which no previous finds,

either in Palestine or in Syria, had in the least prepared us, and is therefore of first-rate importance. In a small cave near at hand were found flint implements of Mousterian type, which showed that the Wady-el-Mughara was already inhabited in very early times. The Department of Antiquities has asked the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem to undertake the complete excavation of these caves, and we shall probably begin work towards the end of March. It will be carried on by means of a generous donation from Mr. Robert Mond, and in collaboration with the American School of Prehistoric Research."

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE PALESTINE DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES. (SEE SIR ARTHUR KEITH'S ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

WE TO THE STATE OF **BOOKS**

we have always with us; but, while the annals of the poor, as the poet tells us, are "short and simple," having no money in them, the annals of crime are apt to be as long and complicated as the Law and the Press can make long and complicated as the Law and the Press can make them. It seems a pity that a murderer does not realise, before performing his act, that he is merely providing a popular entertainment—putting a "thriller" on the stage of real life, and thereby sacrificing himself on the altar of sensation, while making "a Roman holiday" for newspaper-readers, lawyers, and criminologists. If this view of the matter occurred to him, he might think twice before venturing on a production in which he gets none of the box-office receipts, and not even the villain's salary. Since criminal "melodrama" of this type has not been lacking of late, I have selected as the first item on this week's programme a new record of an earlier and long-forgotten piece which, in its day, drew "crowded houses."

There have been subtler and more romantic rascals than the truculent Norfolk farmer commemorated in "The Trial of James Blomfield Rush." Edited by W. Teignmouth Shore (Editor of "Charles Peace," "Neill Cream," etc.). Illustrated (Hodge; ros. 6d.), a new volume in the series of Notable British Trials. Rush was convicted and hanged at Norwich, in 1849, for the murder of his landlord, Isaac Jermy, Recorder of that city, and his son Isaac. The motive was obvious and sordid, the method crude and clumsy. From a legal point of view, the chief interest of the case lies in the fact (uncommon if not unique in murder trials) that the accused conducted his own defence, being a person of intense conceit, and, besides subjecting witnesses to interminable cross-examination, made a speech of prodigious length, lasting four-teen hours. In the words of the leading counsel for the prosecution, "Certainly the present trial has exceeded in the annals of judicial long-suffering anything that was ever before experienced." that was ever before experienced.

That leading counsel, by the way, was a legal luminary in whom I happen to take a special interest—namely, Mr. Serjeant Byles, afterwards Sir John of that ilk, Justice of the Common Pleas, and author of a legal work popularly known as "Byles on Bills." The exact converse of that proposition is more familiar to me! In the course of his speech, Mr. Serjeant Byles touched on a point which lends interest to another book that I am coming to presently. Referring to the evidence of certain papers in a disguised hand, he said: "We propose to prove Rush's handwriting; when I say 'prove,' you, gentlemen, who have sat on juries before, very well know that it is impossible and that it is not the custom to call a witness to swear positively to handwriting was presented before you, you could only say you believed it to be yours." A link with another book to be mentioned later occurs in Mr. Shore's introduction, where, discussing the culprit's character from the point of view of criminal psychology, he writes: "The main fact to my mind is that Rush was an illegitimate child.

I cannot help thinking that Rush was soured by finding himself looked at askance by the county gentry, one of whom was his father; and, on the other hand, not respected by the yokelry and younanry... he became Ishmaclitish."

The first of the two books alluded to above is "Experiments with Handwriting." By Robert Saudek (George Allen and Unwin; 18s.). The author, we are told, though born a Czech, writes as well in English, French, Dutch, or German as in his own language. His new book is a successor to his previous work, "The Psychology of Handwriting," and is similarly illustrated by a separate booklet, inserted into a pocket in the cover, containing numerous specimens of script in various styles and languages. Mr. Saudek has rejected all previous graphological doctrine that cannot be proved. "This book," he says, "offers something essentially new, for it brings together all the results obtained in all countries—the results of all strictly scientific researches into the nature and production of handwriting . . . and supplements these results with those which the author has obtained in twenty-six years of research work. For the first time, moreover, it places cinematography at the service of graphological psychology. . . The author believes that in this book he offers the basis of a new exact science and points the way to a fundamental reform of forensic graphology."

Much of Mr. Saudek's book is concerned with the evidence of handwriting in criminal cases, and it is interesting to compare his remarks with one of Mr. H. Ashton

Wolfe's articles on the scientific detection of crime published serially in our pages last year. Considering what Mr. Wolfe said (in our issue of Nov. 17) about Bertillon's mistake over the famous hordereau in the Dreyfus case, I hardly think he would agree with Mr. Saudek's statement that "technical methods are valueless when an opinion has to be given respecting the forgery of whole documents," or would appreciate his allusion to "mere laboratory work." Certainly the varieties of handwriting and its relation to character make a fascinating subject of enquiry. Much depends, of course, on that trio beloved of the old French grammars—pens, ink, and paper; and, in children, that "endless imitation" of which some poet speaks plays a large part. I remember, at school, modelling my style on that of another boy who fancied himself on his calligraphy. In later years, I regret to say, the beauty of my own penmanship has deteriorated somewhat under the sinister influence of the "printer's devil." (Nothing personal intended here!) One of the worst "fists"

compares their different methods.... The aim of this book is to deal with the criminal from a scientific point of view; to ask what he is and why he is.... The of view; to ask what he is and why he is. . . The keynote of this enquiry is—mens sana in corpore sano." The scope of the work, however, is really much wider, for it ranges incidentally over many large questions of religion, morals, education, and social welfare. Of particular interest at the moment is an account of a Salvation Army Farm Colony in Holland. Another passage of topical interest, in connection with the ex-Kaiser's new book, "My Ancestors," occurs in a chapter on Elizabeth Fry. "Among the admirers and well-wishers of this noble woman," he writes, "were nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. . . . Fancy the King of Prussia (Frederick William III.) kneeling down with her in prayer on the rather septic floor of Newgate gaol and then insisting on going home with her to lunch in Upton Lane (Essex)."

Elsewhere, Dr. Wilson is not favourable to German mentality, which is, he says, of Mongolian origin, and he vigorously refutes the doctrines of Freud.

At Edinburgh, Dr. Wilson studied not only under Lister, but also under Sir Thomas Clouston, whom he describes as "the pioneer and one of our greatest as "the pioneer and one of our greatest authorities on mental diseases." His eminence in that branch of medical science has borne literary fruit in the amusing stories of his son, J. Storer Clouston, "The Lunatic at Large," and its various sequels. None of these famous works had been given to the world when their author and the present scribe were fellow inmates of—no, not an asylum or a prison—but of that historic institution, Toynbee Hall. (Perhaps I was the original of the Lunatic!) Another Scottish literary allusion—to Stevenson's "Jekyll and Hyde"—occurs in one of Dr. Wilson's chapters on dual and multiple personalities.

I have still to mention the link that connects Dr. Wilson's book with the Rush case. It concerns the subject of illegitimacy, the English attitude towards which he compares unfavourably with that of other countries. "How many to-day," he asks, "understand the sign of the grasshopper above the Royal Exphance? sign of the grasshopper above the Royal Exchange? . . . It was the crest adopted by Sir Thomas Gresham, who, as a babe, was discovered wrapped in a parcel in a hedge, through the movements of a grasshopper. Look at all he did for charity and education!" One might cite also the case of William the Conqueror and a certain passage in "King Lear" about "composition and fierce quality."

whether the grasshopper whose activities led to the foundation of the Royal Exchange acted from motives of civic patriotism or mere idle curiosity, is a question for high scientific enquiry. So, at least, I assume from the subject matter of a fascinating book on insect behaviour entitled "PROBLEMS OF INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE." By Major R. W. G. Hingston, Author of "A Naturalist in Himalaya" and crickets have a bad time at the hands of wasps; and some careless wasps are, like many human beings (myself included), a little shaky in their entomology, and do not always distinguish between the two varieties. Thus, we read: "Few instincts are more firmly fixed than that of the prey captured by these wasps. They stick to one particular species, chase it and it alone. Yet we find variation even in this. Sphex flavipennish hunts a species of grasshopper; yet on one occasion she was seen with a cricket. Sphex occilanicus, according to Fabre, is strictly faithful to Eppiphigers; but the fact is that her instinct varies, for she sometimes captures common green grasshoppers."

Major Hingston's book, the result of many years' research in tropical jungles, is an important contribution to the study of animal mentality. It fortifies the Biblical injunction: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," with an infinity of amazing facts. The other day I was suddenly asked: "Do fish think?" a question to which I found no immediate reply. If I had been asked: "Do insects think?" I should have referred the questioner to Major Hingston, who has so ably analysed the differences and the similarity between the mental processes of insects and men. "The insect," he concludes, "though predominantly instinctive, possesses also glimmerings of reason. Exactly the same is true of man." It is a chastening thought, and I now retire to ponder thereupon.

C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted

When illustrations are submitted, each subject should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, The Illustrated London News, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

I ever remember having to deal with journalistically, by the way, was that of Andrew Lang, from whose polished verse one might have expected something less cryptic.

The other book to which I referred above is "The Child of Circumstance." The Mystery of the Unborn. By Albert Wilson, M.D. Edin.; Fellow, late President, of the Royal Medical Society. Illustrated (John Bale, Sons, and Danielsson, Ltd.; 15s. net). Dr. Wilson (who died only last September, soon after correcting the final proofs of his book) was, in his student days in Edinburgh, an enthusiastic disciple of Lister, to whom he often acted as dresser. There is a delightful anecdote about Lister mending a child's doll in a hospital ward. Of the author himself, a Salvation Army friend writes!" If ever a man loved to do good by stealth; if eyer there was a successor of the doctor-hero of the 'Bonnie Brier Bush,' It was Albert Wilson." Forewords are contributed by the Rev. R. J. Campbell and Dr. Shaw Bolton, Professor of Mental Diseases in Leeds University.

Primarily, Dr. Wilson's posthumous volume is a study of criminals, their cause, their behaviour, and their cure. In his own preface he says: "The author writes from personal research, has visited many prisons

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

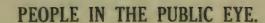


THE AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY'S END," THE REMARKABLE WAR PLAY AT THE SAVOY THEATRE: MR. R. C. SHERRIFF, Mr. Sherriff, whose war play, "Journey's End," has won so much praise as a remarkable reproduction of life in a dug-out on the Western Front, is in the insurance business. He joined the Army when he was seventeen, and held a commission in the East Surrey Regiment. He is well known as a three-quarter back for Rosslyn Park.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE LADY WITH

THE AUTHOR OF "THE LADY WITH A LAMP": CAPTAIN REGINALD BERKELEY, M.C.
Captain Berkeley's fine Florence Nightingale play, "The Lady with a Lamp," is now at the Garrick Theatre. The author is a barrister, as well as a writer. He saw much war service. He was M.P. (L.) for Nottingham (Central), 1922-24. He wrote "French Leave" and "The White Château."





BUILDER OF THE SPEED-CAR "GOLDEN ARROW" FOR MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE: CAPTAIN J. S. IRVING.
The "Golden Arrow," with which Major H. O. D. Segrave, in rivalry with Captain Malcolm Campbell, hopes to set up a new land-speed record, is, of course, designed for speed and nothing but speed. Captain Irving is seen with a model of it. The engine develops over 900 horse-power. We illustrated the car in detail in our issue of January 19.



THE GATHERING IN CELEBRATION OF THE SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY OF THE EX-KAISER: THE FORMER CROWN PRINCE AND HIS WIFE (ON HIS LEFT), AND HIS SON, PRINCE HUBERTUS, ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT DOORN.

The ex-Kaiser was seventy on January 27 last, and there was a birthday celebration at his place of exile, the Huize Doorn, in the town of Doorn. In the chapel of the house, says the "Times," the Rev. Dr. Vogel, preaching a sermon on a text [Continued opposite.]



SEVENTY ON JANUARY 27: THE FORMER GERMAN EMPEROR, WILLIAM II., WHOSE BIRTHDAY HAS JUST BEEN CELEBRATED AT DOORN-A NEW PORTRAIT.

chosen by the ex-Kaiser, referred to three great personalities in history, St. Paul, Luther, and the Kaiser, all of whom, he said, were devoted to God. Most of the members of the former Emperor's family attended the festivities, including the former Crown Prince, his wife, Princess Cecily, and Prince Hubertus, the third of his sons, who was born in September.

1909. The ex-Crown Prince will be forty-seven in May.



PROFESSOR A. W. BICKERTON.
Astronomer who formed and constantly appounded a new theory of cosmic evolution. Author of "New Story of the thars," etc. Born, January 7, 1842; died, January 23.



MR. RALPH KNOTT.
The well-known architect who designed the London County Council Hall, and (with Mr. Arnold Thornely) the Northern Ireland Parliament House. Born, 1878; died, January 25.



MR. R. C. LEHMANN.
Famous as oarsman and rowing coach as a contributor to Punch" and othe journals; and also known as a barriste and a politician. Born, January 3, 1856 died, January 22.



LADY LUGARD.

(Flora Shaw.) Traveller and writer; and on "Times" staff. Went to Klondyke, 1898. A witness at the Jameson Raid inquiry. A D.B.E., 1918. Died on January 25.

ISI-THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS-185

ONE OF THE MOST THRILLING SPORTS IN THE WORLD: DESCENDING THE CRESTA RUN AT ST. MORITZ.

DRAWINGS BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU, OUR SPEIAL ARTIST IN SWITZERLAND. (COPYRIGHTED.)



RIDERS OF THE "CRESTA": THRILLS AND "SPILLS" ON THE FAMOUS ICE-RUN AT ST. MORITZ, WHERE THE EXPERT PERFORMER MAY ATTAIN NEARLY NINETY MILES AN HOUR.

Riding the "Cresta"—the famous toboggan ice-run at St. Moritz—is a sport only for the stoutest-hearted, and the annual speed-trials may be called the Mecca of winter sport enthusiasts. The speciator has to be up betimes to see the expert "Cresta"-inders, among whom are many well-known racing motorists and airmen, as the track is closed at about 10.30 a.m., by which time the sun has made it to dangerous, "Cresta" helments and various "armoured parts" are compulsory. The skeleton toboggans are steered and braked by means of steel rakes attached to the riders' boots. The length of the Cresta Run is 1320 yards, the total drop is St4 feet, and the average gradient 1 in 7.7. The record for the fastest descent is held, at the time of writing, by Lord Northesk. During January and February there are competitions for as many as nineteen challenge cups in connection with the Cresta Run alone. "Previous to its construction."

writes Mr. H. C. Stokes, in his book "Winter Sports Simplified" (Thornton Butterworth), "tobogganing at St. Moritz took place down the Celerina Road, but the need was perceived for something better than a roadway open to all kinds of traffic (not omitting the 'Pickford' siedges of the villagers), and so the building of the Cresta began. Each year it is rebuilt, and each year with further adjustments to meet the ever-increasing appetite for speed. The best runners cover the full course in 59 seconds. Either as an exercise or as a spectacle, a time run on the Cresta (or, indeed, on any of the several other first-class runs in Switzerland) is something to remember, and crowds collect at such corners as "Battledore and Shuttlecock," or alongside the Church Leap. The sight is not merely stirring; it is beautiful, the figure of the racer being extended in a very embodiment of speed."

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



MAJOR SEGRAVE (L.) EXPLAINING THE POINTS OF HIS .1000-H.P. MOTOR-BOAT. As we note elsewhere, Major H. O. D. Segrave is seeking to set up a new land speed record in the car "The Golden Arrow." He will also endeavour to lower the water speed record, and for this purpose he is using a 1000-h.p. motor-boat which has been named "Miss England." He here seen (on the left) explaining points of the craft to Sir Sefton Brancker. Mr. Baldwin was among those who inspected the car and the craft.



PRINCE IN THE-HUNTING FIELD BEFORE HIS MINING-AREA VISITS. who always endeavours to keep fit, has hunted on various occasions since ught him hurrying back from safari. He is here seen at a meet of the b. His Royal Highness left Londom on the night of the 28th, to visit discoalfields. He was accompanied by Mr. Noel Curtis-Bennett, organising secretary of the Coalfields Distress Fund.





THE QUEEN ARRIVING TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL'S NEW NURSES' HOME, The Queen visited the Middlesex Hospital on January 24, to lay the foundation-stone of that famous institution's new Nurses' Home. A message from the King, brought by her Majesty, said that he was very pleased that the Queen was laying the stone and that his illness had caused him to appreciate more deeply than ever before the value of medical science and devoted nursing.



WILL UNVEIL.

After the General Election, Mr Baldwin will unveil the statue of Mrs. Pankhurst which forms a part of the memorial to the famous leader of militant suffragettes. It is being sculpted by Mr. A. G. Walker, A.R.A.

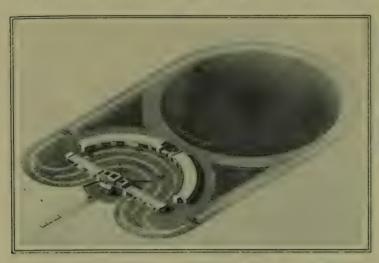


AN AEROPLANE CARRIED ABOARD A LINER FOR PASSENGERS WANTING TO FLY ASHORE. The new lines of the Norddeutsche-Lleyd carry aero lanes for the use of passengers wishing to speed up their arrival on land or to make exploratory flights from the ships when they are near land during pleasure crusses. In the photograph, the 'plane is seen on the right. The vessel shown is the "Columbus," and when "snapped" she was starting for the West Indies.



A GERMAN STREET-SWEEPER WHICH REMOVES DIRT AND CARTS IT AWAY. Germany, always ingenious in mechanical matters, has produced this new and "Tank"-like motor read-sweeper, here seen on trial in Berlin. It not only cleanses the roadway of rubbish, but absorbs that rubbish into its interior and carts it away—much, in effect, as does a vacuum cleaner. A considerable amount of labour is thus saved: for no one is needed to remove wayside mud-heaps.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



LONDON'S FUTURE AIRPORT: A WINNING DESIGN IN A COMPETITION. The Royal Institute of British Architects held a competition recently for designs of a London airport of the future (fifteen years hence) accommodating 300 aeroplanes, with an hotel of 200 bedrooms. Prize money of £200 was provided jointly by the Gloster Aircraft Company and H. H. Martyn and Co., Ltd. Ten designs were selected. The first prize of £125 was divided between Mr. D. H. McMorran, whose design is shown above, and Mr. M. Hartland Thomas.



CHARING CROSS BRIDGE AS IT MAY BE IN THE FUTURE: AN ARCHITECT'S MODEL. Bridges were discussed at a joint meeting of the Architectural Association and the Design and Industries Association, held on January 28, at the former's headquarters in Bedford Square. An annual exhibition of architectural works includes many models of proposed new bridges. The above design, by Mr. Ernest Herbert, shows a suggested new bridge and approach at Charing Cross, with Waterloo Bridge beyond.







THE REGIMENT THAT LOST 13 KILLED IN THE INDIAN BOMBING ACCIDENT:

A PATROL OF THE POONA HORSE WATERING THEIR MOUNTS.

Ouring bombing practice by R.A.F. airmen at Jamrud, near Peshawar, on January 23, a bombing unwittingly dropped on a squadron of the Poona Horse. Three Indian officers and ten other anks were killed, and twelve others wounded, most of them seriously, while sixteen horses were also killed. None of the airmen knew anything of the catastrophe until they came down. At immediate inquiry was ordered.



THE EXILED KAISER'S HOME IN HOLLAND: DOORN HOUSE DURING HIS BIRTHDAY

sent by the Association of German Nobility. The notice-board seen in our photograph of the rosarium bears his former title, and states that permission to enter the rose-garden must be obtained from the Castle. The ex-Kaiser himself is fond of taking exercise there. Among the guests at his birthday party were ex-Queen Sophia of Greece and the ex-King of Saxony.



A WRECKED AEROPLANE WHOSE PILOT WAS FOUND UNHURT AND LIGHTING

A CIGARETTE, AFTER CRASHING ON A FROZEN POND.

Mr. H. E. Monger, a civilian airman, had an extraordinary escape on January 26, when his machine nose-dived and crashed into a frozen pond in the middle of East Grinstead, Sussex. The engine and propeller broke away and damaged two houses, injuring a maidservant. The rest of the machine turned over and over before striking the ice; but when people rushed up they found Mr. Monger calmly sitting in his machine, and lighting a cigarette.



NEW DEVICES FOR DURATION FLIGHTS:

ADVANCES IN AVIATION

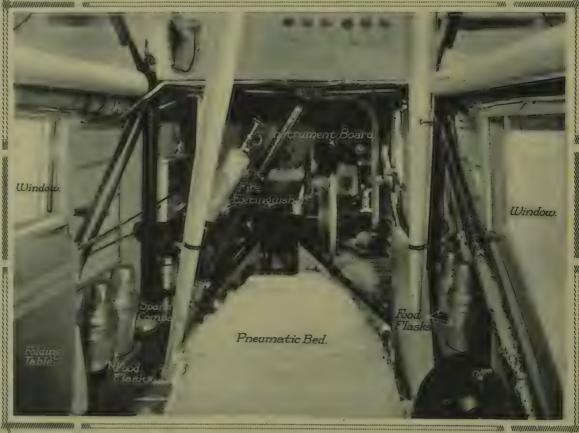
A NEW BRITISH MACHINE FOR A NON-STOP CAPE-TO-ENGLAND ATTEMPT: THE FAIREY-NAPIER MONOPLANE, WITH WINGS CONTAINING



A NEW METHOD OF RE-FUELLING AN AERO-PLANE WITHOUT LANDING: SUCCESSIVE FILM PHASES—A MACHINE IN FLIGHT PICKING-UP A CAN OF PETROL FROM AN APPARATUS ON THE GROUND.—[By coursesy of Gaumoni, Ltd.]



THE SHARK-LIKE "NOSE" OF THE FAIREY-NAPIER MONOPLANE: A CLOSE VIEW OF THE FORE-PART, SHOWING THE SPECIAL RADIATOR (UNDER THE FUSELAGE) THAT CAN BE LOWERED IN THE TROPICS AND WITHDRAWN IN COLDER CLIMATES.



THE SPACIOUS INTERIOR OF THE FAIREY-NAPIER MONOPLANE: A VIEW SHOWING PART OF THE FULL-LENGTH PNEUMATIC BED (SHOWN IN THE CENTRE), THE FOLDING TABLE, FOOD FLASKS, FIRE-EXTINGUISHER, AND INSTRUMENT BOARD (IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND).

The three large photographs are among the first to be published of the new Fairey-Napier monoplane (recently exhibited at Cranwell) in which a non-stop flight from Cape Town to England—6000 miles—is to be attempted. The thick wings, of 82-ft. span, are poised on a slender fuselage nearly 50 ft. long, with a wide-track under-carriage. In the design there are no rough corners or angles to set up air-resistance. The petrol load, which alone weighs over 3 tons (besides that of two occupants, with food and equipment, oil, and water), is all carried in the wings, 500 gallons in each. The engine is a normal Service Napier Lion with special carburetters. It is hoped that the machine will be able to fly for over three days and nights in succession. It was arranged that, after tests at Cranwell, the machine should fly non-stop to Cairo and then in two stages to the Cape, in preparation for the big effort.—The strip of film photographs on the left shows successive phases in an interesting test (lately carried out at Marshall, Missouri, U.S.A.) of a new device for re-fuelling aeroplanes from the ground without landing. The flying aeroplane, by means of a suspended hooking attachment that engages with a cord arranged between the tops of two upright poles, picks up a can of petrol suspended from the cord and draws it on board. In the last three photographs the can is seen rising up towards the aeroplane.

WHERE THE KING WILL RECUPERATE: CRAIGWEIL HOUSE FROM THE AIR.



At the moment of writing, the date of the King's removal to Bognor is not settled, but it was expected that he would probably be able to make the journey during the first week in February, and that he would travel by motor-car. Craigweil House (as noted under a photograph of it published in our last issue) is the residence of Sir Arthur Du Cros, Bt., formerly M.P. (Conservative) for Hastings, and later for the Clapham Division. It stands in 22 acres of grounds, secluded by trees and high walls, at the village of Aldwick, about a mile west of Bognor, and was chosen by the King's doctors, out of many other houses offered, as the most

suitable, from the climate and sheltered position. Sir Arthur Du Cros bought the house some fifteen years ago, and is said to have spent over £100,000 on improvements. Extensions were made to obtain maximum sunshine throughout, and each bedroom has a "sun-room" attached. The music-room contains a fine electric organ and cinema. In the middle of the façade is a rotunda including an openair sleeping place. The bath-rooms are supplied with sea-water. The rooms the King will probably occupy face the sea, and the balcony commands views of Selsey Bill. His Majesty will be able to walk along a private terrace on the foreshore.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO RE-FOUGHT FOR A NEW GERMAN FILM PLAY:
NAPOLEON (ON HORSEBACK) WITH MARSHAL NEY BESIDE HIM, WATCHING
HIS ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

"WATERLOO" WITH BLÜCHER AS HERO: A GERMAN FILM OF THE BATTLE.



THE NEW GERMAN FILM VERSION OF WATERLOO: ONE OF THE VIVID FIGHTING SCENES, DESCRIBED AS "THE WHITE GUARDS ENTERING THE BATTLE.



THE FINAL DEFEAT OF NAPOLEON, WHICH HE HIMSELF ATTRIBUTED (IN HIS MEMOIRS) TO "THE STUBBORN AND INFLEXIBLE BRAVERY OF THE ENGLISH":

A REALISTIC BATTLE SCENE, DESCRIBED AS "THE WHITE GUARDS IN ACTION," FROM THE NEW GERMAN FILM OF WATERLOO.



WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO AS REPRESENTED IN THE GERMAN FILM OF THE BATTLE: THE DUKE (CENTRE) LEARNS THAT BLÜCHER'S TROOPS ARE COMING TO HIS AID.



NAPOLEON AFTER WATERLOO: A FILM PICTURE OF THE DEFEATED EMPEROR, WHO AFTERWARDS WROTE: "I DON'T YET UNDERSTAND THE LOSS OF THE BATTLE."

The new German film, "Waterloo," was first produced in Munich recently by the Bavarian Film Company, Emelka. It begins with the Congress of Vienna and Napoleon's escape from Elba, and ends with the rout of the Old Guard and the Emperor's cry of despair—"Tout est perdul" The battle scenes, which are the principal feature of the film, have been re-enacted with careful thoroughness, and the effect has been described as highly realistic. Napoleon is represented by M. Charles Vanel, who has previously impersonated the Emperor on the Paris stage;

while the Duke of Wellington is played by Mr. Humberstone Wright. But in this German version of the battle, the hero is not Napoleon or Wellington, but Blücher, who is represented as a rough, blunt, but kindly old soldier, with a rich vein of camp humour. In playing the part Herr Otto Gebühr scored almost as great a success as he did in "Der Alte Fritz," in the character of Frederick the Great. In connection with the "Waterloo" film, we may recall some relevant passages from a book that was reviewed in our last issue—"Memoirs of Napoleon I."

Continued opposite.

PROTAGONISTS IN NAPOLEON'S FALL: LEADING FILM CHARACTERS IN "WATERLOO."



THE "IRON DUKE" AT WATERLOO: WELLINGTON (HUMBERSTONE WRIGHT, ON LEFT) READING THE WELCOME MESSAGE ANNOUNCING BLÜCHER'S APPROACH.



THE HERO OF WATERLOO IN THE GERMAN FILM: BLÜCHER (OTTO GEBÜHR, CENTRE), WITH THE PRUSSIAN GENERAL GNEISENAU (FRITZ ULMER) AND PRINCESS TARNOWSKA.



THE BRITISH AND GERMAN HEROES OF WATERLOO: WELLINGTON (HUMBERSTONE WRIGHT) AND BLÜCHER (OTTO GEBÜHR) PROMISE EACH OTHER SUPPORT AGAINST NAPOLEON.



NAPOLEON (CHARLES VANEL, RIGHT), ESCAPED FROM ELBA, INDUCES MARSHAL NEY (CARL DE VOGT) TO DESERT LOUIS XVIII. AND JOIN HIM—AN ACT THAT AFTER WATERLOO COST NEY HIS LIFE.



FATEFUL BATTLE PLANS DRAWN ON A GRAVEL PATH: NAPOLEON (CHARLES VANEL) DEMONSTRATING THE STRATEGICAL MOVES THAT HE INTENDED TO MAKE AT WATERLOO.



NAPOLEON IN HIS GARDEN ON THE ISLE OF ELBA: LIVING THE SIMPLE LIFE AFTER HIS ABDICATION IN 1814 AND BEFORE HIS ESCAPE FOR THE FINAL STRUGGLE ENDED AT WATERLOO.

Compiled from His Own Writings by F. M. Kircheisen (published by Hutchinson). Here Napoleon writes: "It was only the stubborn and inflexible bravery of the English troops that prevented [the French from winning the victory]. I don't yet understand the loss of the Battle of Waterloo. It is true General Reille, who had been fighting the English in Spain, told me that their infantry was excellent, that he knew of no troops except my Guard who were superior to them.

Reille told me further that it was expecially owing to their discipline that the Reille told me further that it was especially owing to their discipline that the

Engush manœuvred with the utmost exactness under the most terrible fire. . . It is a pity that I did not fall at Waterloo, for that would have been a fine ending." Elsewhere Napoleon says: "Blücher is a very brave soldier and a good broadswordsman. He is like a bull that looks all round him with rolling eyes, and, when he sees danger, charges. . . . He has no talent as a general. . . . In spite of that I cannot deny my recognition of General Blücher. The old rascal always attacked me with the same fury."



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



POSTCARD CRITICISMS.

THE latest form of competition recently launched by an evening paper has proved as popular as cross-word puzzles. It has much to commend it to the taste of the diligent prize-seeker. It is simplicity itself. It turns the weekly—in many cases the daily visit to the kinema into an important, and possibly a lucrative, expedition. It demands no more time than may be allotted to the writing of a post-card, and not even a dictionary wherein to chase the un-familiar word. All that is asked is an opinion of any film shown during the stipulated week, an opinion concise enough to remain written within the limits of a postcard. By this brief effort the joys of pub-

licity may be secured plus a money prize ranging from ten shillings to two hundred pounds and more. No wonder, then, that embryo critics arose in their thousands, claiming an amount of space in the columns of the newspaper concerned which, to be honest, they scarcely merited. We are told that the contest revealed the tremendous hold which the screen drama has secured. It scarcely needed the postcard critics to apprise us of this fact, since it leaps to the eye of the least observant and is writ in stones as well as in queues. We are further informed that "people in this country no longer go to the kinema to while away an idle hour. They take their entertainment seriously. They appreciate the good work of the studio and resent the bad."

Now, that, I should have said after the perusal of many postcard-criticisms, is a happy delusion which I personally have striven to cherish and which this competition has come near to shattering. Speaking generally, the writers, with a few exceptions, seemed not at all concerned about the "good and the bad work of the studio," but proved themselves to be entirely under the sway of personalities. Vilma Banky is lovely; Ronald Colman is fascinating; Emil Jannings is a superb actor; Buster Keaton is this, that, and the other-such is the chief burden of these postcard meditations. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman certainly play their respec-tive parts in "Two Lovers" (the film under consideration) as well as they could be played, but both have had better opportunities. Both however, impress themselves on the public mind, simply because they are as "lovely" and as "fascinating" as ever. Emil Jannings is by no means at his best as Paul I. in "The Patriot." He is not wholly to blame for this distorted version of the Russian Tsar, since the author of the play on which the film is based, Alfred Neumann, plays ducks and drakes with history; but his exaggerated study of lunacy has no touch dignity to balance it, and falls far below his wonderfully sincere and pathetic performance in "The Last Command." Nevertheless, his latest creation is hailed as another masterpiece. When it comes to the talking-films, the personality of Al Jolson sweeps the board. Now, in the

onward march of the "talkies," it cannot be denied that "On Trial" marks a very decided step forward, yet this development of a new and startling manifestation receives far less attention than the personality of Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool." The tears extracted by the American sob-song singer have provided many a postcard-critic with subjectmatter.

The pictorial possibilities of the screen, the imaginative handling of a realistic theme, the values of light and shade—in short, the producer's part in the whole business-excites but little comment, and is generally expressed in appreciation of American camera-work. But forever paramount is the appeal of personality. That, in my opinion, is the chief lesson taught by the film-contest.

It is a useful lesson, too, if English producers will take it to heart without allowing it to brush every other consideration aside. Hollywood learned it long ago. Hollywood knows to a nicety how to make the

most of its idols. It is an interesting study, this exploitation of screen-personalities by the American producer. Sex-appeal, male magnetism, temperament, innocence, mystery, intensity-all the possible qualities that attract the public are fostered and illuminated by the lynx-eyed American producer, who has made careful note of the filmgoer's reaction to the budding star. A Janet Gaynor goes straight to the big, childish heart of the public with her trusting, tear-brimmed eyes in "Seventh Heaven," and they have trusted, they have brimmed, with tender tears ever since.

The majority of the postcard-critics unconsciously strengthen the American producer's hand in his



FIND YOUR FAVOURITE "STAR" IN THE FILM FIRMAMENT! A GALAXY POPULAR SCREEN ACTORS AND ACTRESSES, AS PUBLISHED IN THE "SKETCH."

This interesting composite photograph of screen celebrities appears, in a larger form, on the front page of our contemporary, the "Sketch," in its current number (for January 30). It will afford endless amusement to film "fans" in picking out their favourites. One "star," it may be observed, differs from another in glory and in size, so that to identify some of the lesser lights (as in the lower right-hand corner), a magnifying glass may be necessary. But one may see with the naked eye such luminaries as Charlie Chaplin (marked by a comet on his "bowler"), Mary Pickford and "Doug," Dolores del Rio, Ramon Novarro, Harold Lloyd and Emil Jannings.

Photograph by Rudolf Myzet. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Prague "Studio."

ruthless exploitation of personality. I admit that he shoots too far, where the English film-maker's shot falls short. A dull story cannot be saved by the personal appeal of the star, though a weak one undoubtedly can. Our British "stars," the few we have of real value to the screen, might justly complain that they are not given half the careful "nursing," if I may call it so, of their American colleagues. Their vehicles are not as flamboyant, their camera-treatment is neither as careful nor as kindly. I am not advocating the intensive star-system of Hollywood, but from the fountain-pens of the postcard-critics a great deal of ink has dripped, and it is surely worth while studying which way it flows.

"INTERFERENCE."

Paramount's first All-Talking Picture is true to the creed of personality. The unsealing of Clive Brook's firmly closed lips becomes an asset that, from the

This exhibitor's of view, cannot be over-estimated. English actor, who migrated to Hollywood some years ago and has gradually forged ahead, caught the imagination of the public once and for all with his studies of sympathetic criminals, princes of the underworld more sinned against than sinning. His tragic mask, his general air of stern self-control, the illumination of his rare and charming smile, all tended to lift him into prominence. A still water that appears, at any rate, to run deep—such is Clive Brook. And the mere announcement that the stillness would be broken has brought his host of admirers flocking to the Plaza to hear their favourite's voice. Clive Brook is the magnet, undoubtedly. In justice to him, it should be added at once that he is, as well, by far

the most interesting figure in a somewhat devitalised version of the stage-play by Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden, presented in London not long ago by Sir Gerald du Maurier. The play, indeed, is of such recent vintage that it suffices to remind my readers of the great sceneeven on the stage a silent scene - in which a famous physician seeks to make the obvious murder by poison of an adventuress appear to be suicide. The physician has good reason to think—though wrongly, as it turns out—that his wife is guilty, since it is she who has sought to recover incriminating letters from the murdered woman's flat. Finally, the real murderer confesses. He is a stricken man and a scoundrel, but he manages to win our sympathy by the belated chivalry that prompts his final

In the stage-play, the silent scene of the physician's lengthy and careful preparations after the discovery of the dead adventuress was curiously effective. On the screen, where silent traffic is a customary thing, it loses half its value. Clive Brook, with his deadly concentration, and in spite of a top hat to which he adheres in true American fashion, gives it such measure of tension as it still possesses. For the rest, his speaking voice, deep and free of nasal inflections, provides a pleasant contrast to the variety of accents that assail our ears. other voice that stands the test of reproduction, according to English standards, belongs to an unnamed newspaper re-porter who has regrettably little to say. Judged as a whole, "Interference"

Judged as a whole, "Interference" falls back into the shortcomings of the talking-film which have been overcome, to a certain extent, by "On Trial." The action is retarded by the spoken dialogue, conversations of no particular moment seem to last an interminable time, and the delivery, in every case, is far too slow. The charms of Evelyn Brent and Doris Kenyon—charming film-actresses both—seem to evaporate when they are called upon to speak; though Evelyn Brent has a certain nonchalance of utterance that is helpful. Nor does Mr. William Powell, capable actor as he is, make the successful bid for our sympathy in the part of the "villain" as did Mr. Herbert Marshall in the stage-play. He

allows his cynicisms to sound brutal, his callousness to appear sulky, and that is a mistake. Finely staged and well directed by Roy Pomeroy, "Interference" is an admirable example of technical polish. The camera-work is so excellent as to turn a modern mantelpiece adorned with a single translucent statuette into a thing of real beauty.

An interesting programme is announced at the Marble Arch Pavilion for February. A Ufa film, produced by Erich Pommer, and entitled "Hungarian Rhapsody," will be shown in conjunction with "Royal Remembrances," a kinema record of the past thirty years. This should prove amusing as well as instructive. The "Hungarian Rhapsody" has a strong cast, including Dita Parlo, Lil Dagover, and Willy Fritsch.

"AQUITANIA" SINCE HER OVERHAUL: THE PALATIAL ENTRANCE TO DECK, ONE OF THREE CONTAINING NEW EXCLUSIVE "FLATS," OR PRIVATE SUITES OF ROOMS.



WHERE THE TRANSATLANTIC PASSENGER CAN TAKE VIGOROUS EXERCISE: THE GYMNASIUM IN THE "AQUITANIA," WITH FIXED BICYCLE (FOREGROUND), PARALLEL BARS, AND OTHER EQUIPMENT.



WITH A DUTCH PAINTING ON ITS LOFTY CEILING: THE GRAND PALLADIAN LOUNGE, USED ALSO AS THE SHIP'S THEATRE, CINEMA, AND CONCERT HALL, WEARING A NEW AND BRIGHTER ASPECT.

The giant Cunarder "Aquitania" resumed her place in the Atlantic service on January 23, when she left Southampton for Cherbourg and New York, after having undergone a complete overhaul that lasted seven weeks. During that time a thousand men of many trades were working day and night on the colossal task of re-conditioning both her machinery and engines, and her passenger accommodation. A new 17½-ton propeller was installed, and among an infinity of mechanical items that received attention was a length of cable that would reach from London to Liverpool, 700 miles of electric wire. Throughout the passengers' quarters curtains and hangings were replaced, new ruboleum laid, and hundreds of square yards of carpets. In one section of the (Continued above.

A "FLOATING TOWN" WITH "FLATS": NEW AMENITIES IN THE "AQUITANIA."



THE RE-FURNISHED GARDEN LOUNGE ABOARD THE LINER "AQUITANIA": A VERANDAH CAFÉ PROVIDED WITH NEW WICKER FURNITURE MADE IN PALEMBANG CANE WITH COLOURED ENAMEL.

ship the accommodation was entirely remodelled, providing four new public rooms, staterooms and promenades for the new and popular class known as "Tourist Cabin." In the first class many improvements were made in furniture "Tourist Cabin." In the first class many improvements were made in furniture and decorations, including those of the new exclusive "flats," or private suites of rooms on "A" "B," and "C" decks. The familiar phrase "floating hotel" is hardly adequate to describe the "Aquitania." She is more like a "floating town," for she is self-contained, and has her own hospitals, recreation spaces, police, bank, post-office, shops, libraries, swimming-bath, orchestra, and concert hall, with a host of other amenities. And all the while she carries her

population across the ocean at some 25 land miles an hour.



THE EGYPTIAN SWIMMING POOL ON BOARD THE "AQUITANIA": A VIEW SHOWING THE NEW CURTAINS OF WOVEN DAMASK, WITH DECORATIVE BORDERS OF TUSCAN DESIGN.



RATHER SUGGESTING SOME FINE OLD CHATEAU THAN A ROOM IN A STEAMSHIP: THE LOUIS XVI. DINING-ROOM, WITH CHAIRS RE-COVERED IN FRENCH TAPESTRY ON A BLUE GROUND.

PAGE



If it were possible for a person accustomed to the reasonable amenities of domestic life, but not

necessarily to an undue share of its luxuries, to step

back a couple of centuries or so and enter into occupa-

tion of a moderately sized and furnished Queen Anne

house, she (or he) would find it to be equipped with

requirements. Bath-rooms would be lacking, and powder-closets a poor substitute; while the kitchen

would undoubtedly be wanting in all those ingenious

devices which seem so indispensable to the spoiling

of good food by bad cooks nowadays. Our returning

visitor would be well advised not to take a cook with

her. But there would be plenty of nice new walnut

essential

furniture in the latest mode; a Turfurniture

key rug or two, or even a "Keder-

minster" carpet; cer-tainly an alcove fitted

with shaped

shelves and adorned with

some of the

Latest pottery

mported from China;

panelled

rooms with a

portrait or

two, and per-

haps a piece

tapestry for variety.

Candles would shed their beneficent

light on these

things-the very thought of which in

complete sets

must make

Mortlake

quite astonishing completeness for modern

gold, or with delightful decoration of low-relief ornament in gilt gesso. Lacquer in the new "Japan" mode was also much in favour. The

novice must walk very warily when tempted with bargains in this class.

Lacquer as good—perhaps even better—than the early eighteenth - century product can be, and is actually being, made to-day. A little time ago an illuminating case occurred within my own experience. A perfectly honest and very able lacquerer was employed to clean a genuine old Queen Anne lacquered mirror, and commissioned by the owner also to make a replica, as a pair were required for a particular purpose. Some time afterwards, an expert of not inconsiderable reputation was called in to advise about an inventory or some-thing of that sort. Without hesitation he condemned the original in the most un-compromising terms, but congratulated the owner on the fine specimen which bore it company—the replica! If he had been blind, it was an even chance that he might have guessed correctly.

Many of the Queen Anne mirrors had bracket candlesticks at or near the base.

the most beautiful and satisfactory form of illumination yet devised. Is it necessary to appeal to those who may possess specimens of this kind not to degrade them with electric-light imitations? The last of our illustrations (Fig. 4) is a good example of the shaped frame, very well proportioned and with a most graceful cresting. It is perhaps somewhat later in style than those to which we have referred above, for about the year 1720 the influence of the architects on furniture design began to be overwhelming, and the mild and graceful curves of the earlier frames became more and more hardened into severe and conventional forms, echoing those of the classical periods of architecture as interpreted in the reign of George I. This change is well seen in Fig. 1, with its classical mouldings and broken arch enclosing a sort of escutcheon clothed with acanthus. The result is by no means without dignity and is eminently practical. After all-and this especially applies to the furniture of the period 1725-1740—it is neither fair

which, whether or not one likes them, had at least the merit of consistency. The man whose name is most prominently asso-

FOR COLLECTORS:

ciated with the prevailing style of the period is, of course, William Kent (1684-1748), to whose work a turn of the market

brought, some years ago, a curious and unexpected popularity. Of him, Horace Walpole says that "he was consulted for furniture, as frames of pictures, glasses, tables, chairs, etc." How far he actually designed such things is rather conjectural, for, apart from his architectural work, we really do not know very much about him, and such men as Ripley, Gibbs, and others must come into the story. Another man is worth mentioning, for he produced one of the first of those pattern-books which, later in the century, so completely dominated furniture design in Great Britain. In 1739, William Jones, architect, published "from his house near the Chapple in King Street, Golden Square" a volume of engraved Golden Square," a volume of engraved copper - plates without text and entitled "The Gentlemans or Builders Companion Containing Variety of usefull Designs for Doors Gateways Peers Pavilions Temples Chimney Pieces Slab Tables Pier Glasses or Tabernacle Frames, Ceiling Peeces etc. Explained on Copper Plates.'

Our illustration (Fig. 3) is a characteristic specimen of Jones's work, entitled "Designs for Tabernacles or peir glass frames of various demensions," but with actual sizes 2 feet by 3 feet four inches "in sight."



ENGLISH HANGING MIRRORS.—II.

By Lieut.-Colonel E. F. STRANGE, C.B.E., Late Keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

FIG. 2. A HANGING MIRROR, CARVED AND GILT IN ENGLISH ROCOCO STYLE (C. 1745): AN EXAMPLE OF A TRANSITIONAL PERIOD.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Mallett and Sons.

suggested,

is inter-

mask, and basket of flowers con-

spicuously dis-

played. One

FIG. 1. A HANGING MIRROR, CARVED AND GILT (ABOUT 1730): A DESIGN SHOWING THE INFLUENCE OF CLASSICAL ARCHITECTURE. By Courtesy of Messrs. Mallett and Sons.

the mouth of the collector to water - in candlesticks, in sconces, in hanging brackets. And there would be a quite ample supply of mirrors, mirrors on walls and toiletglasses suspended delightfully above their three

or four storey nests of little drawers. The twentieth-century visitor would be by no means left desolate and unprotected, and would find ready to hand most things needful for her to make ready to meet her friends over a cup of China "tay" (at ten shillings a pound) and ear the latest gossip about the Duchess of Marlborough and James III.

In the matter of design it is interesting to note, but only pretty much what one would expect, that the frames of the Queen Anne mirrors followed the same general lines of development as the chair-backs, of course, restricted within much more narrow limits by the primary necessity of providing for a square or rectangular piece of glass. The rigid main elements of the late seventeenth-century mirror now began to receive the attention of the decorator; 'and, instead of external garlands, and pediment, we get a prettily shaped outline to the frame, often terminated with more or less elaborate cresting and

base moulding. Surfaces are flat, sometimes with a bold vencer of walnut, perhaps picked out with

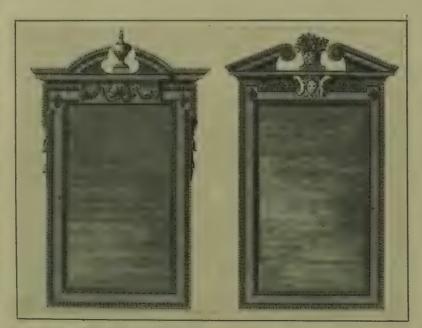


FIG. 3. DESIGNS FOR "TABERNACLES, OR PEIR GLASSES," FROM "THE GENTLEMAN'S OR BUILDER'S COMPANION," 1739: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ARCHITECT'S WORK.

nor reasonable to criticise the design of isolated objects of this kind. They were made for a particular environment, and formed part of decorative schemes



FIG. 4. A HANGING MIRROR IN WALNUT VENEERED AND GILT. (C. 1720): A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE SHAPED FRAME.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Mallett and Sons.

must remember, in dealing with the earlier pat-tern-books, that they did not pretend to supply anything more than the essential idea and structure of a design which the craftsman might either follow more or less exactly, elaborate, or simplify according to his skill or the requirements of his cus-Too much importance is often attached to a correspondence, complete or partial, of a piece of furniture with a published design. If the agreement in detail between the object and the print is too perfect, the former must be subjected to an examination even more rigid than might otherwise have been the case. The atmosphere of suspicion aroused by this perfection must be dealt with.

About the year 1740, a new and revolutionary influence invaded the crafts of this country; and the French rococo style produced an overwhelming reaction from the formalities of the British architects.

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SAFETY GLASS

FEB. 2, 1929 THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

WAY From the "dead" season of Riviera fashions have emerged gloriously

Fashions. the modes for the South. In the evening shimmer softly pale pastel tints and white, expressed in clear satins, draped closely to the figure and falling in long, pointed draperies. Chiffon printed with tiny patterns, flowered and otherwise, is the chief rival to satin. Patou has created an exquisite little frock christened "The Blues," which is of chiffon in the new delicate duck's-egg blue nuance, printed with charming little scenes depicting diminutive Watteau figures interspersed with trees and tiny boats. The vogue of the bustle bow at the back promises to continue, with the addition of the two long ends falling to the heels, or even on to the ground, forming a double train. Small bolero coatees, cither separate or attached to the frock, are also to be seen, some cut out in a low décolleté at the back harmonising with the line of the frock beneath.

Fashions.

For the morning promenade and Modes Pour for golf, trim cardigan suits or tweed frocks with short coats to match are the smartest. Skirts are fluted instead of Modes Pour

the inevitable pleats, and are still short. These full skirts are most amusing, some cut com-pletely circular like an umbrella, and others flaunting unexpectedly little flares at each knee. The jumpers, too, are slightly different in design. Sometimes you meet them in the guise of the old-fashioned blouse, pouched over elastic at the waist. If the jumper is straight as usual, there is a determined effort to raise the belt to the natural waistline. Only the very young and slim, however, can stand this mode, so that it is likely to remain rather unusual, and therefore very distinctive,

The Newest Evening Shoes. they can make or mar the loveliest dress. Sketched on this page are two of the latest models from Manfields, of 170, Regent Street, W. The sandal shoe is of pink and silver brocade with tinsel strappings, the chief point being in the position of the strap, which almost encircles the ankle. The price is 59s. 9d. the pair. Below is a Court shoe of satm brocade in variegated colourings, a new material for shoes this season, available for 66s. 9d. For the daytime, deerskin is very smart indeed. A beautiful handmade shoe of nigger deer-skin piped with kid can be secured for 59s. 9d.; and for wearing with tailleurs in the morning there are seal monk shoes available for the same amount. Court shoes of every kind will be fashionable again, worn with large gleaming buckles, and there are many very smart designs, both for day and evening,

Two simple listle frocks, which are indispensable on the Riviera, carried out in crêpe-de-Chine, exquisitely embroidered. They are to be found at Walpole Bros., the famous firm of 89, New Bond Street, W.

EA FAZAN-

bakus, paribuntals, and bellibuntals in every colour of the rainbow, trimmed chiefly with petersham manipulated in distinctive ways. Ribbon hats also promise to be in vogue, and these, too, are to be found in every size. It will be remembered that this firm make a point of studying every head and coiffure, so that large and small sizes are also available. Sports and travelling felts in the new

DOWN SOUTH FLY THE MODES JUST NOW, AND THESE HATS, FROCKS, AND SHOES ARE READY TO BLOSSOM IN THE SUN BY THE CÔTE D'AZUR.

The majority of the light Baku Straw Again. shady hats designed for the Riviera are again baku this season, that straw which is as light as thistle-Brims and crowns are more complicated, relying on their puckers and tucks for decoration rather than on trimming. very fashionable new models are those sketched at the top of this page, both of baku trimmed with petersham. They come from Henry Heath's, of 105, Oxford Street, W., who have long been famous in this sphere. There are

Two charming hats for the South created by Henry Heath, of 105, Oxford Street, They are in baku straw, cleverly trimmed with narrow petersham ribbon.

colourings and designs can be secured from 30s. upwards.

Light Frocks to Greet the Sun.

Every visitor to the Riviera takes with her half a dozen or

more ight washing silk frocks, and for these there is no need to go farther than Walpole's, 89, New Bond Street, Kensington High Street, or Sloane Street, S.W. Two charm-ing new models are sketched in the centre of this page. The sleeveless frock on the left, in ivory crêpe-de-Chine, beautifully embroidered, is available for 5½ guineas, and 6½ guineas is the price of the longsleeved dress on the right, made in the same material. The skirt introduces the new box pleating which is a feature of the coming season's modes. Washing silk frocks of every description can be obtained in these salons from 4 guineas upwards, and printed crêpe-de-Chine afternoon dresses from 5½ guineas. There is always a large choice of sizes and designs in these frocks for the Riviera and the Tropics.

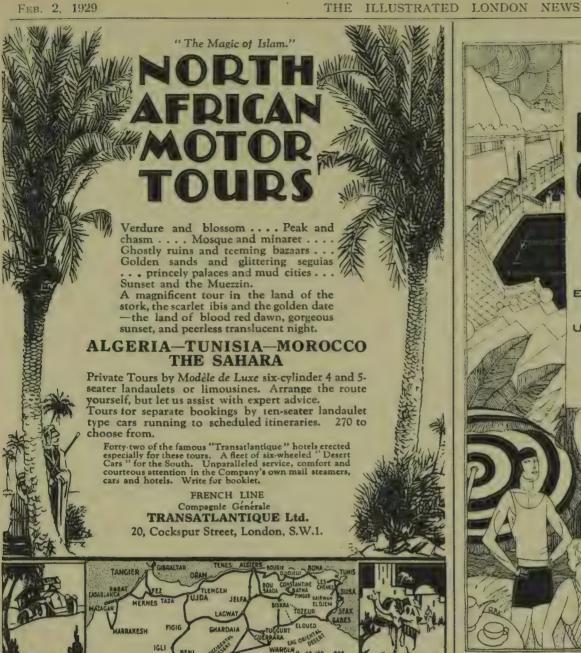
The sudden change from To Prevent the Arctic weather we have experienced to the bright sunshine very often has rather drastic effects on sensitive skins. Changes of temperature affect the pores and tissues to an astonishing degree. A pure, soothing lotion which is marvellously good for the most tender skin is Beetham's Lait La-Rola, which is a milky-white emollient that keeps the skin smooth, nourishes the tissues, and renders the complexion beautiful, so that it will take "make-up" smoothly and effectively. It costs only 18. 6d. a bottle at all chemists and stores, and is a simple precaution which every woman can take with little trouble.

The question of what to take with you on the Easy Packing for Travelling. journey, supposing that you are motoring from Paris to the Southa method of voyaging that is becoming more and more popular-is of much importance. It is difficult to carry adequate frocks for the leisurely route without piling up the car with luggage. The simplest method is to invest in a Revelation suit-case, one of those ingenious cases which ex-

pand to contain enough for a week-end, a week, or a month. Every position is rigid and locking, and the case is always just the exact size you require, so that the contents are not harmed. These cases are obtainable in leather, leather-covered fibre, and in fibre, ranging from 30s. upwards. There are not only Revelation rigid expanding suit-cases, but Revelation attaché cases, trunks, and other luggage, all carrying out the same principle. They are obtainable practically everywhere, and in the company's showrooms at 170, Piccadilly, W. A booklet giving full particulars can be obtained gratis and post free on application.



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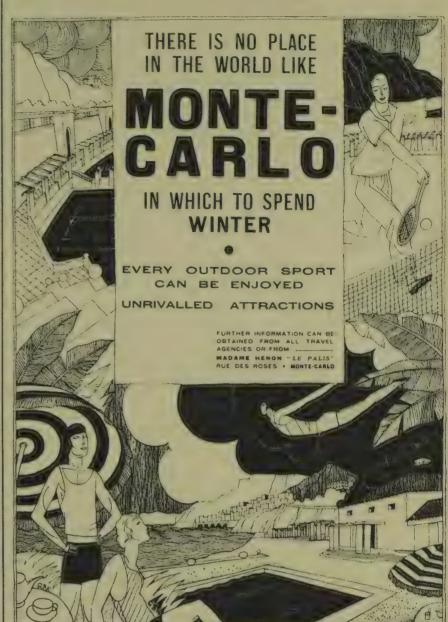
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

CRITICS AND MUSICIANS.

THE lot of the critic is not a happy one, although to the harassed musician, who always sees himself as the defenceless victim and the critic as the all-powerful tyrant who pronounces sentences of life and death, it may appear an ideal one. As a rule, musicians regard critics as a regrettable, a painful, but an unavoidable evil, because human nature is so constituted as to be far more susceptible to blame than to praise. Praise we all accept naturally as our due. We are not surprised—except in our youth—when people praise us, but we are extremely surprised and hurt when we are adversely spoken of.

Adverse criticism is all the more unacceptable and wounding when made in public, as everybody knows; and many a musician would take without resentment in private the criticism which he finds so unendurable when made publicly. So that the critic suffers from a similar adversity of circumstance, inasmuch that he has to perform his function in the public eye, just as the musician has. Everything that is done in public must of necessity be openly criticised. There is no help for it. It is a law of human nature in the state of development in which we find it. We must therefore be prepared to accept the historical function of criticism as of performance, and it is as uscless to rail against critics in general as it is to rail against the performance of music, the printing and publication of books, and the exhibition of pictures. If a time ever comes when these things cease, then criticism as we know it will also cease, but not until then.

The difficulty of the critic's position is that his function is not clearly enough defined. But in this respect the performing musician is also in an ambiguous and indefinite position. But let us consider the function of the critic first. If we take the critic in the employ of a daily newspaper, there is first of all the attitude of the editor and the proprietors to be reckoned with. We can assume that the editor's point of view is (or was, until it became influenced by other and shorter-sighted considerations) that the critic must inform and entertain his readers. What an editor wants primarily is that his paper should be readable, and that it should be better reading

than any other paper. A critic who is dull and heavy is useless to him, however well informed. Now this is a perfectly legitimate ambition, because there is no real antagonism or incompatibility between readableness and soundness. A critic who sacrifices truth to brightness may be temporarily successful, but sooner or later readers will get tired of his brightness, unless it is supported by sense. Nothing becomes so utterly boring and unreadable as the mechanical brightness of an empty writer.

But there are the advertising and circulation managers, who think only in terms of circulation and advertising. Criticism which is likely to annoy readers and irritate advertisers is, from their point of view, objectionable. But a good editor is generally able to present his side of the case to them and to show that the surest way of making a dull newspaper is to deprive the writers of their freedom, and that a paper devoid of genuine criticism is like bread without salt. Unfortunately, conditions in modern times are not quite so simple, because the financial interests which enter into the production of a newspaper are nowadays so colossal that they make for a certain tepidness, colourlessness, and timidity. However, we will assume, for the sake of argument, that the critic is free to exercise his legitimate function of expressing his opinion honestly.

Now the musician comes in, and he may say that the function of the critic is to increase the popularity of music, to help all musicians in their struggle to increase the enjoyment or the consumption of music in the country. He will argue that if a critic writes adversely of a conductor and an orchestra, he is only making things more difficult for that conductor and that orchestra. The conductor will get fewer engagements, and so stand less chance of developing and improving, while the orchestra will get disheartened. There is a certain amount of truth in this, and it is well, perhaps, for a critic to remember his responsibility towards the musicians. It is not his business to make things more difficult for them unnecessarily. And a critic should always praise when he can, as well as blame when he must. But I would also submit that to praise consistently and to pick out only those things which can be praised, while ignoring everything else, is not really the best way of stimulating and encouraging the performers. Blame, even harsh, adverse criticism, is often a much

more effective spur to increased effort than all the praise in the world.

It seems to me that it is very dangerous for a critic to begin thinking chiefly of the effect of what he writes upon the future of the performers, for the reason that it distracts him from his simple duty, and can only lead to confusion, since it is impossible to know beforehand what the effects of one's criticism will be. Nor is it any better if he thinks chiefly of his audience. Once a critic begins to ask himself whether what he writes will please or influence his audience, and begins to try to study his audience, or find out what it is that they want or need, he is, again in my opinion, lost, because he can never find out for certain what is or is not beneficial to his

audience In practice, considering one's audience invariably leads to underrating one's audience. There is, apparently, a universal tendency in man to underrate his fellows, to think them less intelligent and less well-informed than oneself. This results in the talking and writing down to the public, which one sees everywhere nowadays. Again and again I have heard lectures and addresses and educational courses which were vitiated by this fatuous assumption that nobody but the lecturer or teacher knew anything at all. It is not only children who suffer from being talked down to by adults; it is all of us in our respect ive provinces as laymen. In these days of multi-farious knowledge, everybody is a layman in some field, and so everybody must have had the unpleasant experience of being treated as a complete imbecile the specialist when he is dealing with a subject of which one is ignorant. It has been my lot to discover that the more profoundly and fully a subject was treated by a specialist, the better I have understood it. It is the so-called "popular" expositions which confuse and muddle one, because they dodge the real difficulties. I believe firmly in the principle of never talking or writing down to one's audience, but of treating it always as if one were explaining the subject over again to oneself as concisely and lucidly as possible, to make sure of not having misunderstood or omitted any-

This brings me directly to the real principle involved in all criticism. The critic's primary duty is to the art which he is criticising, and not to the artist or the public. His business is to proclaim the [Continued on page 204.]

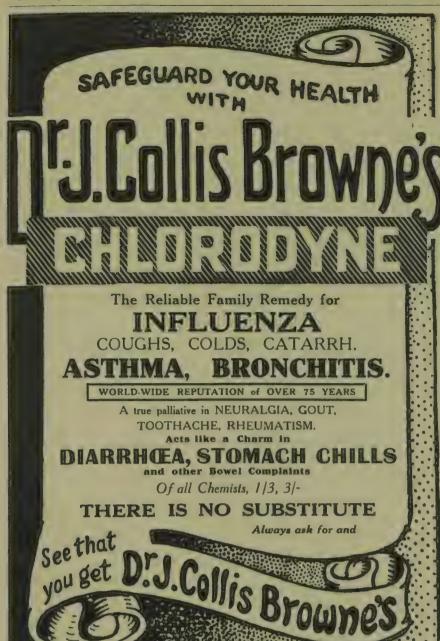


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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XVII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN.

DECK FITTINGS.

THE type of owner is indicated by the appearance of his ship; in good hands an ugly vessel may look smart alongside a badly kept thoroughbred. A wise choice of deck fittings and their careful arrange-

ment largely contributes to smartness and general efficiency. The majority of motorcruisers are fitted with the old-fashioned type of anchor which is stowed inboard with much labour; few are supplied with the stockless type which heaves right up and stows neatly in the hawse pipe, like those in every ocean-going ship. Experienced seamen left the sea many years ago dislike the latter, and often influence owners against them by stating that they do not hold" so well as the former. They omit to mention that a vessel is "held" by the weight of her cable as much as by her anchor, providing sufficient Stockless chain is employed. anchors are a great boon as labour-saving devices, for they are easy to work and do not bring mud on deck like the old-fashioned sort, and they look smart.

Another fitting employed by big ships which motor cruisers might copy is a length of hose for washing a muddy cable as it comes in. It is a simple matter to obtain a water-supply by means of a pump worked off the engine,

and thus save muddy decks and a dirty chain-locker. The anchor question is more important than many imagine, for, if good and easily worked gear is fitted, the vessel will anchor in preference to picking up a mooring, and thereby save expense in the

I know the toil of heaving up a form of rent. heavy anchor with an inefficient capstan, but there is no need to suffer now that good hand, electric, or hydraulic capstans can be obtained. They soon repay their cost in many little ways, for a vessel which always anchors keeps her shipside paint fresher than one which chafes against a buoy or wharf.

When anchoring in the dark an electric torch

Messrs. Zeiss, Ltd., and is fitted with a very efficient fog-piercing arrangement. Fog is the navigator's greatest enemy, and necessitates very accurate chart work; it is important, therefore, to fit the charttable within easy reach of the helmsman, with a shaded lamp over it. In the case of small cruisers with no room for a fixed table, a Bigsworth board as supplied to aircraft is a very good substitute: it eliminates

parallel rulers and protects the chart from rain and spray

A good compass is, of course, imperative; but it is equally important to place it so that bearings of the sun and distant objects may be taken: many motor-cruisers err in this respect by having them too low and with no all-round vision. Few who are not trained seamen know how to find the error of the compass by taking a bear-ing of the sun; but it is not a difficult matter if an azimuth compass is fitted, and it is well worth the trouble. Near the chart table should be placed the signal-flag locker and the International Code Book, which should be well studied. Aldis lamp is also very useful to those who know the Morse alphabet, for even in daylight its flashes can be read at six miles, when flags would be in-distinguishable; they are used extensively in the Navy.

A good wireless set is almost a necessity, in order to obtain weather reports. Most vessels hoist their aerials at the masthead, but I prefer a frame aerial on the cabin top, where it is not disturbed when the mast is lowered. There

are many other ways and fittings which aid smartness, but, as they will all be included in an account of one of my "Ideal" cruisers which has just been laid down, I will defer describing them for the present.



THE INTERIOR OF THE DECKHOUSE OF THE LATEST THORNYCROFT MOTOR-CRUISER: A VIEW SHOWING A WELL. RAISED COMPASS, THE VARIOUS ENGINE CONTROLS, AND THE FLAG LOCKER.

should be kept handy in order to see how much cable has run out; but if a searchlight is fitted it can serve this purpose. I like to have a searchlight: it is I like to have a searchlight; it is useful for finding unlighted buoys in a crowded harbour. One of the best I have tried is made by

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CONSTANT ENGINE TEMPERATURE—A NEW THERMOSTAT.

OME weeks ago I discussed the steadily increasing problem of dealing with over-cold engines, offering readers of The Illustrated London News such hints for cures as I have found useful in my own experience I use the word "increasing" advisedly. Since I wrote that article I have driven a number of the latest models of cars of all sorts, from the dearest to the cheapest, from the worst to the best, and it seems quite clear that many makers, especially our own, realising at last what an unmitigated nuisance an engine which runs hot can be, have chosen the lesser of two evils, and, as it would appear, deliberately over-cooled their new ones. It is, of course, by far the lesser evil. You can always find some means, primitive but successful, for keeping the temperature of the water high enough; and, if you pay enough for it, an ingenious arrangement of shutters which will answer the purpose rather better and in a more workmanlike manner. There is very little you can do, however, to cure a "boiling" engine, and that little is seldom workmanlike. So the cold engines of 1929 are likely to get a better reception from the public than their forebears

That is all to the good, but some interesting experiments I have been making lately, in the bitter days of December and January, have convinced me of what I had always been told by those who ought to know, makers of carburetters, that, next to keeping the water round your engine from either getting too hot or too cold, the most important thing is to maintain its temperature at a constant point. How difficult it is to do that by "primitive" means only those know who have tried. Difficult, if not impossible. Muffs and things of that kind will be a great deal better than nothing. They will protect your engine from the extreme of cold, and will certainly, on that account, lead to an improvement in fuel-consumption. But they are, at best, a rough-and-ready method of getting somewhere within reasonable distance of the object of your desire, which is a constant temperature

Until I had real proof, in the form Some of practical demonstration on my Experiments. own engine, I would not have believed what immense difference an even temperature

can make not only to the general running of the engine, but to its thirst for petrol. I had suspected a good deal, not only during the course of my winter experiments lately, but in the dog-days last summer, when temperatures probably varied less from our engines' day to day, from hour to hour, than they have had the chance of doing for many years. I came to the conclusion then that, whether my engine was overcooled or not (it was certainly never anywhere near efficiency point), it always put up a better, more consistent, and more economical performance over a long run than over a short one. Its best showing, on every point, was on a 345-mile straight-away run from the south to the Border. Speed, average and maximum, oil and fuel consumption, averaged out practically the same in each 100 miles, and each attained the point regarded as normal by the car's makers. That was entirely due to the fact that the temperature of the engine remained nearly the same throughout the day, and that there were no violent changes from hot to cold, as there are in ordinary short-distance driving, with frequent stops.

In such winter weather as we are The "R.P." having now it is practically impossible to keep an engine's temperature from fluctuating extravagantly without by experiments have been with such a fitting, the R.P." Adjustable Thermore, employing some special device. The latter part of Adjustable Thermostat, which the Houdaille Hydraulic Suspension Co., Ltd., asked to be allowed to fit to my engine. This is a thermostat of a new design, automatic in action, the opening and closing of its valve being controlled by the temperature of the water.

I have found it, so far, most successful. It does all that is claimed for it-which is saying a good deal. It was fitted into the joint between the cylinder-head and the radiator (as close as possible to the former) in an hour or less, the operation being perfectly simple and straightforward. It costs 28s. 6d. for the thermosyphon type and 33s. 6d. for the pump type. The immediately noticeable results were that, on a bitterly cold day, with the thermometer only just above freezing point, the engine was in efficient running form within ten minutes of the start; that, after an hour's wait in a windy square, it started up again instantly; and that all symptoms of "flat spots," the effect of poor

carburation, had disappeared. The result, with which I will deal later. There was another

What happens is that, when the What It water is cold, the butterfly-valve Does. Does. is shut, thereby choking the flow of water from the water-jackets to the radiator. At the end of a minute or so, after the engine has started, the water warms up, and, as its warmth reaches the valve and the thermostatic coil-spring controlling it, it makes the valve begin to open, which means that the cold water in the radiator is allowed to flow to the jackets. As the heat increases, the valve opens wider until, at a point of temperature the owner can decide for himself, it is wide open. The moment the water in the jackets begins to cool down, even by four or five degrees, the valve begins to close, thereby restricting the water-flow and automatically warming things up again. The process is extraordinarily quick, as I was able to see by the help of a thermometer temporarily attached. I could send up the needle ten degrees in as many seconds by "revving" on third speed, and bring it back as swiftly by crawling on top, but each time the "correct" temperature was regained immediately after. A curious and, at first, rather a disquieting feature is that at least three-quarters of the radiator is found to be stone-cold whenever you stop. There is always a big reserve of cold water on which to draw in special circumstances, There is always a big reserve such as heat-waves and the Alps. Further, you can set the opening of the valve as hot or as cold as you like, by turning a milled disc on the outside of the thermostat.

The other result was the remark-Greater Fuel able effect on the fuel-con-Economy. sumption. I drove the car over a week-end run I' have used for years, every foot of the way as familiar to me as any road can be, and over the return journey of ninety-five miles, in and out of London, the consumption improved by no less than five miles to the gallon. It was cold, but still, and the roads were neither dry nor heavy. Twentythree miles to the gallon had been the best I could get before, and with the "R.P." I got an average of twenty-eight. Frankly, however, that does not interest me half as much as the other things. The engine is practically always running at its best now, instead of just sometimes. JOHN PRIOLEAU.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC .- (Continued from Page 198.)

best music and the best musicians, without fear or favour, and to proclaim them according to his own light, and not in accordance with what is fashionable or unfashionable, or with what is thought by others. His only gift as a critic is the faculty of receiving definite and individual impressions from music. These impressions he has to range according to his own scheme of values; and a critic, like a pianist or any other musician, develops as he exercises his profession. No critic is born with a ready-made tradition which he can apply automatically to all music and musicians. He has to exercise and develop his gift like every other person, and, like everybody else, he has to make mistakes.

How many excellent critics have begun by thinking Wagner a far greater composer than Mozart, and have ended by thinking that Mozart is a far greater composer than Wagner! I should imagine that this has been the experience of the majority of good critics for a sufficiently long period of time for it to have become a well-established principle. A critic who prefers Wagner to Mozart can be declared nowadays to have an imperfectly developed musical mind. But such principles are extremely few, and for the most part critics have to move forward experimentally, recording honestly what they feel and think, and being quite prepared to discover that five or ten years later they will think and feel quite differently.

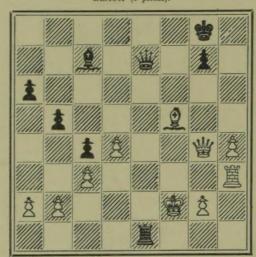
W. J. TURNER.

CHESS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

GAME PROBLEM No. XVIII. BLACK (8 pieces).



WHITE (to pieces). [In Forsyth Notation: 6k1; 2D1q1p1; p7; 1p3B2; 2pP2QP; 2P4R; PP3KP1; 4r3.]

This is a position from a game played in the Richardson Cup orbland's premier club competition. Black played 34. BQ3, and the posal which would probably have altered the destination of the posal which would probably have altered the destination of the posal which would probably have altered the destination of the posal which would probably have altered the destination of the posal process a draw. Readers are asked to find a better we for Black than 34. BQ3. White has three replies, two of which e; the third leads to intricate play which our readers are not asked analyse, two or three moves being sufficient to indicate the drawing

Solution of Game Problem No. XVI. (Anderssen.) I. RKsq, B×BP; 2. Q×Ktch!!, P×Q; 3. BR6ch, KKtz; 4. BR5ch, KKtsq, 5. RK8ch, QBI; 6. R×Q mate.

ENGLISH HANGING MIRRORS.—(Contd. from Page 194.)

For all practical purposes, the straight line and rectangle ceased to exist, their place being taken by compositions of conventional shell and foliage, thrown together with little or no regard for struc ture, or what the Victorian professors of ornament used to call "growth." The effect of this irruption, regardless of form, of authority, of the classical foundations of artistic belief, must have been somefoundations of artistic belief, must have been something not altogether unlike that recently endured by the enforced victims of "jazz" music. But it gained a footing and proceeded to flourish, constituting, in fact, one of the principal factors in the next evolution of style in furniture that was to take place in Great Britain. Fig. 2 (on page 194) is an excellent example of this transitional period, its alien eccentricity already beginning to feel the sobering effects of the innate common-sense and sound craftsmanship of the English cabinet-maker.

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> 1st Prize 2nd each

Solutions must be accompanied by 3 outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. No other enclosure to be inserted in envelope, which must be marked "Dickens Crossword," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44/50, Southwark St., London, S.E. I, to reach this address not later than March 30, 1929. It is suggested to Colonial readers to forward their replies as quickly as possible, and to see that they are properly franked for postage.

Additional copies of this entry form can be obtained from your chemist or d'rect from "Dickens Application Form," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44/50, Southwark St., London, S.E. I, on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

In all cases the decision of the Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap must be accepted as final, and NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERTAINED. Results will be announced in "The Sunday Chronicle," April 14, 1929, and "Daily Mail," April 15, 1929.

CLUES ACROSS.

54

63

CLUES ACROSS. 1. Mr. Tupman's first name. 5. Town visited by Town visited by Pickwickians; and a place for C.T. Soap. 8. Mint. Sage, for example. 12. Every one, singly. 13. Mr. Dombe y welcomed the arrival of a male one. 14. Antagonist. 15. Cornstalk. 17. Gather. 19. Bestow. 20. Scattered with seed. 22. Friend of D. Copperfield, at school and later. 24. Tell a secret. 26. Pigs' homes. 28. Jacob's was a dream one. 30. Number 20. Lise 28. Jacob's was a dream one. 30. Number. 32. Use C.T. Shaving Soap, on these. 34. Household gods. 36.—Sawyer asa medical trudent would

Sawyer as a medical student, would advocate cleanliness (P.P.). 38. "The Saracen's—" (N. Nickleby) needed no shampoo. 39. Benjamin——. Another medical student (P.P.). 40. Attorney (P. Papers). 41. Ever in poetry. 42. Snares. 43. Roof cover. 44. Order. 45. Alias Handford, alias Rokesmith (O. M. Friend). 48. Companion of "The Artful Dodger." 50. Row. 52. Mr. Dombey thought little of her. 55.——Doyce, engineer and inventor (L. Dorrit). 58. Young deer. 59. Rent 61. Crest of roof. 62. Eastern Ruler. 63. The boy who arrived in 13 Across. 64. Observed. 65. Bob Sawyer's street in the Borough where C.T. Soap is made. 66. Dickens is, among novelists, what Wright's is among Coal Tar Soaps. 67. Map. CLUES DOWN.

53

62

CLUES DOWN.

1. Tragic heroine of Thomas Hardy.
2. Scolds. 3. Four roods. 4. A fat, greasy, hypocritical Reverend in Bleak House.
5. Messrs Dodson & Fogg were members.
6. Aid. 7. Children do not shed them

when Coal Tar Soap is used. 8. Mrs. Betty—kept a mangle and minded children (O.M.F.). 9. Wrongs. 10. Talk wildly. 11. Wish happiness to. 16. Unites. 18. Clog with raised sole. 21. Sam Weller might have called Tony this. 23. Ceases to live. 25. Miss Wilfer (O.M.F.). 27. Continued pain. 28. You cannot believe such a person. 29. Uncle of Nicholas Nickleby. 31. Fastening. 33. a 'umble rascal who washed with invisible soap. 35. Sat down again. 36. Jack climbed up the stalk of one. 37. What the wind did. 39. Zealous. 40. Plasterer in "Little Dorrit," lived near C.T. Soap headquarters. 42. Lord Decimus—Barnacle; very well named (L. Dorrit). 43. When children do this to faces, use C.T. Soap. 44. Where Oliver Twist first met the Artful Dodger. 46. Disencumber. 47. Refuse. 48. Wrote "The Viper of Milan." 49. Range. 51. Line in music. 53. Tibetan priest. 54. Ages. 56. Thought. 57. A six-week season. 60. Fruit.

all the conditions enumerated above.

56

64

In submitting this solution I agree to all the conditions enumerated above

NAME AND ADDRESS SHOULD BE WRITTEN HERE IN PLAIN BLOCK LETTERS.

4

Mr. GOLD and Mr. FLAKE ON TOUR



Snow Flakes and Gold Flakes

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- "Yes, and the hotel keepers have bills of their own, Mr. Flake."
- "Never mind, we can still enjoy 'Wills of our own,' Mr. Gold."

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GOLD FLAKE

CICARETTE